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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

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Outline of the Performances.

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Wednesday Morning.—"Samson"—Handel.

Thursday Morning.—"Messiah"—Handel.

Friday Morning.—Grand Service in D—Beethoven; "Is-
rael in Egypt"—Handel.

Tuesday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising
Overture, "Siege of Corinth"—Rossini; Grand Finale, "Lo-
relly"—Mendelssohn; Overture, "Der Freischütz"—We-
ber; Selections from Operas, &c.

Wednesday Evening.—"The Creation"—Haydn.

Thursday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising
Overture and Music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's
Dream"—Mendelssohn; Overture, "Guillaume Tell"—Ros-
sini; Selections from Operas, &c.; Overture, "Masaniello"—
Auber.

Friday Evening.—"Judas Maccabæus"—Handel.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

REVIEWS.

WHEWELL'S PLATONIC DIALOGUES.*

WE are of the number of those who have always entertained a very sincere respect for the great abilities and remarkable attainments that have illustrated Dr. Whewell's splendid career. We confess, however, that these feelings have been qualified by a portion of hesitation and distrust. Like Lord Brougham, and some half-dozen other men, a claim to encyclopædic knowledge has been associated with his name. He has been supposed to have accomplished the feat of mastering everything and a considerable deal besides. It is the misfortune of a far-extended line, that it should present points of weakness. No single section of the line has the strength of an intrenched and fortified position. The universal genius is not so safe a guide in some particular study, as some man of humbler powers, who has made such a study his specialty. To every one of Dr. Whewell's oracular utterances we should attend with becoming veneration. But we own that we should listen to the prelections of the Professor of Greek at Oxford, or the Professor of Greek at Cambridge, with a feeling of faith and security, which we can scarcely accord to the Master of Trinity College. We quite believe that neither Mr. Jowett nor Mr. Thompson is so great a man as Dr. Whewell. But Mr. Jowett and Mr. Thompson have probably given some of the best years of their lives, and some of the best efforts of their minds, to the elucidation of the divine Greek, while Dr. Whewell has been so multifariously employed, that, in comparison, he seems scarcely able to have afforded more than an occasional flash of the eye, or flourish of the pen.

On the previous volumes of this translation of Plato we have looked with respect, and even with congratulation. There was something highly pleasing in the notion of a great thinker interpreting between the dead kings of ancient thought, and the popular understanding of his own day. We were not quite prepared for the new form under which Dr. Whewell's universalism has manifested itself. Coleridge has said that every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist, and our idea certainly was that Dr. Whewell had not taken hold of the latter horn of the dilemma. This might appear as a preliminary objection. Nevertheless, we generally entertained that feeling of respect and goodwill which we bear towards those who attempt something which we should scarcely have expected from them, and who succeed in doing it very respectably. With such a feeling we hear Lord Palmerston discussing Greek and Gothic architecture, and with such a feeling we read of Sir Barnes Newcome lecturing on the Poetry of the Affections. Neither did we like the fact that Dr. Whewell endorsed that view of the Sophists which Mr. Grote has advanced in his brilliant eighth volume,—the merit of an earlier promulgation of the theory belonging to Mr. Lewes's most clever but shallow volume on the *Biographical History of Greek Philosophy*. We did not rest this dislike upon our firm belief that the theory is altogether erroneous. It is a theory so consistently opposed to the general tradition of an-

cient times, and the constant current of interpretation among classical scholars, that it appears to be little more than a splendid paradox. We had imagined, too, that since the learned papers of Mr. Cope, as well as Sir Alexander Grant's volume of *Essays* prefixed to his unfinished edition of the *Ethics of Aristotle*, that the question had been almost decided for scholars. We are quite willing, however, to leave the point in uncertainty. But on the next point there can be no uncertainty. It is impossible to hold that theory without having our opinion of the greatness and virtue of Plato indefinitely modified. The retention of such a theory must undoubtedly operate very much as a disqualification for a loving and adequate exhibition of Platonic speculation. A writer who conceived that Burke was utterly wrong in his prosecution of Hastings, would scarcely treat with satisfaction that portion of the life of Burke. A writer who firmly believed that Macpherson was an impostor in respect to the poems of Ossian, would scarcely write with enthusiasm a biography of Macpherson. Lord Stanhope has shown us that such a thorough Whig as Macaulay would scarcely serve as a biographer of William Pitt. And if we consider Plato's delineation of the Sophists as caricature, satire, or misrepresentation, then our love and respect for Plato become indefinitely diminished, and we scarcely see how such a conviction can be consistent with an adequate exposition of his teaching. This is Dr. Whewell's view, yet it is he who introduces Plato to English readers.

"Greek," said Dr. Johnson, "is like lace;"—these were the days when lace was generally worn;—"everybody gets as much of it as he can." What is true of Greek in general is especially true of the Greek of Plato. His writings are so voluminous, and the subjects they embrace are so vast, that no one hopes to attain more than an approximation towards mastering them. But the one work of Plato, to which every reader of Plato turns with especial love and respect, is undoubtedly the *Republic*. Whatever other part of Plato he affects, he always considers his knowledge incomplete without some familiarity with the masterpiece. He may be curious respecting the earliest traces of positive science, and venture on the obscure regions of the *Timæus*. He may be addicted to the history of language, and amuse himself with the fanciful etymologies of the *Cratylus*. But he evermore returns to the *Republic*, as the very substratum of all Platonic knowledge. It is his favourite author's greatest work. He would fain vindicate for it a unity of plan and magnificence of proportions. He feels that it is the work upon which Plato must have rested his chief title to immortality. This is the one brilliant jewel that flashes upon the golden circlet of the Platonic writings. The *Republic* is the very heart and centre of Plato's works. The doctrine of the Ideas, the religious and supernatural element, is the very heart and centre of the *Republic*. It is just possible that the lights of modern teaching will dissipate these notions. It may be well for us that an iron iconoclast should shiver the golden image that we have set up. But we confess that we are horrified at the rude grasp with which this great work has been tortured and mangled and hacked to pieces. Dr. Whewell has re-arranged the *Republic* according to an original plan of his own. Some of the first portions of the *Republic* are remanded to the end of the book. Some of the last portions make their appearance quite at the beginning. Some parts of the work, involving its very structure and leading argument, are flung into a kind of

Appendix at the end, under the title of "Digressions." Some matter, which is clearly epistolical, is embodied in the main part of the work. We shall best depict the sensations to which Dr. Whewell's work has given rise in our minds, if we attempt an illustration. Let us imagine, that like another light of Trinity College, he should venture to take Milton in hand. Dr. Whewell would scarcely succeed better than the author of the *Divine Legation*. We might have an edition of the *Paradise Lost* for non-poetical readers. Everything connected with the fall of man, the plots of Satan, the counsels of Heaven, would be remanded as digressory matter into an appendix. We should have a brief account, allowing for the scantiness of materials, of the lives of Adam and Eve. This would be immediately followed in order by the latter books, giving the history of mankind. The Garden of Eden would be illustrated by a map of Mesopotamia; the naming of animals by references to the Reports of Zoological Societies; the bowers and groves of Paradise by a comparison with our latest floricultural knowledge. The English reader who realizes this idea will obtain some notion of the parallel treatment adopted towards the *Republic*. Moreover, the whole book abounds with interpolations: we are constantly passing from Plato to Whewell and from Whewell to Plato. The attention becomes hopelessly dislocated. These endless parenthetical remarks ought to have appeared as notes. A commentator has no right to be always interrupting his author. The result of the whole is that Plato is reduced very much to the appearance of the marine god, Glaucus, to which, in the tenth book, he likens the human soul. To use Dr. Whewell's loose translation, his "original human shape having been long tossed about in the waves, has bits broken off it, and is battered and disfigured, and moreover has things growing to it—shells and seaweed and bits of rock; so that it is like anything rather than its original form." This is precisely the case with Plato: he is so battered and disfigured by Dr. Whewell, and so many excrescences have been attached to the *Republic*, that it becomes difficult to realize the original work.

Whether Plato can ever be really popularized for English readers is a question which we should be decidedly inclined to answer in the negative. The popular idea of Plato, that is to say, among unlearned readers, involves some ludicrous misconceptions. The notions of that representative individual, the general reader, are curiously inexact, and derived from some casual association of ideas. One person remembers from a child the stock passage, the soliloquy in Addison's *Cato*, and imagines that Plato was an eloquent writer on the immortality of the soul. Another has heard about Platonic love, and thinks there is a mine of Greek sentimental writing, such as would suit classical Don Juans. Another knows all about Ascham finding Lady Jane Grey at home amusing herself with the study of Plato, and thinks it a very easy, delightful, and creditable performance. A slight handling even of Dr. Whewell's volumes would suffice to dissipate such ideas. For the most part Plato is a very difficult author to the "English reader," very puzzling, very dry, and rather irritating. The "English reader" does not in general possess such a concentration of mind and love of philosophy, as ensures the difficult and peculiar degree of attention which enables a man to master a philosophical system through means of translations. The general reader who is capable of such a difficult and strenuous effort we consider a somewhat mythical and legendary personage. Young men, who belong to mutual improvement so-

* *The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*. By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. III., "The Republic" and "Timæus." 7s. 6d. (Cambridge: Macmillan.)

cieties, and are supposed to be very anxious to cultivate their minds, have been known to addict themselves to literature of a painful description, but with only temporary enthusiasm. We imagine that the spur of a personal and direct object will be necessary. We feel sure that the English reader of this book will not be a man who knows nothing of Greek but is anxious to know something of Plato; but the young student who is studying the Greek text, and being engaged upon a difficult study, is anxious to surround himself with all the aids that he can obtain. We have no doubt that this would be Mr. Macmillan's report. As for the actual value of the book to the student, we are not at all sanguine. If ever a volume of Plato is published, really acceptable to the general public, it will differ widely in plan and bulk from Dr. Whewell's version. There is a wonderful duality about Plato, and to this duality he owes an exaggerated estimate of his possible peculiarities. He always speaks the same grand language—the language, according to Cicero, which Jupiter would use, if Jupiter spoke Greek. But there is all the difference in the world between the matter and the form, between the subject, and the drappings, of the dialogues. The former is of most serious import. The Elenctic process is wire-drawn to the finest degree; we are in a labyrinth of bewildering dialectic; this, of course, constitutes the great bulk of the Platonic writings. With all a great artist's power, Plato has endeavoured to illume and relieve the necessary obscurity of his pages. A passage of genuine poetry, a burst of noble eloquence, an interlude of exquisite humour—but we are soon far away from these pleasant sounds, and find ourselves once more in the wilderness of speculation. Moreover, the scenery, decorations, and *dramatis personæ* of the Dialogues, are of a very high order of interest. The artistic power with which the group in the household of the kindly-hearted old Cephalus gradually leads up to the gloom and glory of the highest speculation, is something very attractive. Moreover, the apt allusion, the delicate touch, the graceful repartee, the covert irony, are all here. The conversational ability is very remarkable: we are among the finest company we ever met in our lives. Much of this subtle spirit is too evanescent to be retained in the pages of translation. The playfulness of the lighter moods of Plato is peculiarly liable to suffer under the elephantine grasp of Dr. Whewell. It is quite possible, therefore, that a collection of passages might be made that would suit the popular tastes of the "English reader." The last days and death of Socrates possess an enduring interest. There is great wit in his treatment of the Sophists, and his grave morality often rises into stately eloquence. The story of Gyges might find place in the *Arabian Nights*. The cave scene might serve as a compartment in Tennyson's "Palace of Art." The Vision of Er the son of Armenius might rank with the Vision of Mirza. After all, such a book would be only of scanty proportions, and would scarcely rise above a volume of Beauties or Elegant Extracts. It is a book for which we consider that Dr. Whewell would be peculiarly unfitted; indeed, he is only fitted for something infinitely better.

Although this is a translation, we have not thought it necessary to attempt a careful grammatical collation with the text in order to test the accuracy of the version. It had not been difficult, perhaps, to show that he had missed the meaning of a particle, or had not given the full power of a preposition in composition. But we should certainly consider this the very poorest specimen of a critical triumph. Minute

accuracy is frequently incompatible with a full grasp of the subject-matter, and we should not be pharisaical on trivial details if the weightier matters of such an undertaking were satisfactorily treated. But we are sorry to think that this version of the *Republic* will scarcely enhance the value of the series, and that the series itself is scarcely commensurate with Dr. Whewell's great reputation. He has taken, according to our views, an unwarrantable liberty with a great classical work, whose integrity ought to be respected and preserved. We think that the difficulties of the Platonic philosophy are too great to encourage the hope of popularity; that of the really popular parts a portion defies translation, and for a portion, Dr. Whewell, by the peculiar conformation of his mind, is especially unfitted. His book is of a hybrid description, being a mixture of comment and translation, and both comment and translation of a much more satisfactory description are to be found in other quarters. The second volume of William Archer Butler's work on Ancient Philosophy is a noble commentary, more eloquent and popular than any with which we are acquainted, on Plato's works; and the splendid translation of the *Republic* by Davies and Vaughan leaves nothing to be desiderated in this way. We have also to regret that only a superficial treatment is afforded to various incidental points. Archdeacon Hare, for instance, has much more valuable remarks on the position of women in Plato's ideal state. The casual remarks of Dr. Whewell in reference to the influence of the *Republic* on modern literature, contain only one or two threadbare references; he almost totally neglects this valuable and suggestive field. For instance, it would have been interesting if he had pointed out its effect on philosophical romance; how the *Republic* had occasioned, and we might say included, the *Utopia* and the *Atlantis*, the *Oceana* and the *Gaudendio di Lucca*. Without being dogmatic on the central idea of the *Republic*, it is our main objection that Dr. Whewell has failed to bring out that which is the great characteristic and glory of the work. Dr. Whewell has quite failed to soar "into the severe regions where dwell the pure forms." The polity was scarcely more than a dream of the august visionary; he could never hope to behold the state where kings would be philosophers, and philosophers be kings. But it was quite possible that men might rise to the knowledge of this higher wisdom through the ennobling studies that draws the mind from the sensuous to the real, from the temporal to the eternal, from the visible to the invisible. We refuse to degrade the most intensely religious manifestation of ancient thought into a mere moral and political treatise. We feel very much the same as if any one attempted to disserve Dr. Arnold's political and religious views, in his ideas respecting Church and State; only this feeling is of course greatly heightened in the case of Plato. It is gratifying to think that he may be saved from friends like Dr. Whewell, and that the influence of this great thinker is increasingly marked in modern thought. His *Republic* has very much the character which he attributes to his own Dorian and Phrygian harmonies, when all Lydian and Ionian melodies are banished; the one "a high and rushing music, meet for the clash of battle; and the other low and tranquil, meet for a man in a calm, prayerful, or persuasive attitude." We turn away from the thoughts of his ideal city, with much of the same feeling with which we should close the volume of St. Augustine's *City of God*.

EULOGIUM HISTORIARUM.*

A LULL in the list of new publications, and a very perceptible decrease in the number of announcements of fresh works, leave us at liberty to notice some volumes to which we have been unable hitherto to pay that attention which is their due. A few years since an enterprising publisher issued some parts of a valuable review called the *Retrospective*, which was intended to recall to recollection the interesting pamphlets and lesser works of sterling importance which had become rare, and in consequence almost forgotten. Unfortunately, from some causes with which we are not acquainted, the undertaking, we believe, has been abandoned. There are, however, several works occasionally issued by the Camden Society and by the Master of the Rolls which too often escape reviewers, and yet are deserving of careful consideration. Some of these, which have been more recently published, we shall take the welcome opportunity to recommend to our readers during this dull season. The volume now lying before us is not mentioned by Mr. Craik in his valuable *History of English Literature*. It is a Latin compilation from various writers, embracing chronicles, legends, a gazetteer, and all kinds and samples of a literary note-book, and bears the name of the *Eulogium Historiarum*, a singularly well-chosen title, whether we understand it according to the various translations which it has borne of a "book of recreation," or a "compendium." It is one of that class of works which William of Wykeham permitted his scholars to read, seated round the comfortable fire in the college-hall on festival days after dinner, along with "marvels of the world," and ballads, "the reading being enlivened at certain pauses with a cheerful song and a merry chorus, or "other honest solace." It is of the highest interest, then, to be informed of the nature of the books of instruction and amusement which lay open to the monks in their cloister, and to clerks of Oxford in their colleges, about the period of King Edward III., a memorable epoch in the annals of our literature; while we can glean also from these pages the original sources of many of the wild stories of grotesque *diablerie* and magic, the curious mediæval legends and ancient traditions which formed the amusement of our boyhood, and the subject of dry investigation in our later life.

The volume is printed from three manuscripts, severally found in the libraries of Lincoln's Inn, Trinity College, Dublin, and the Cottonian Collection. The author appears to have been of the same famous monastery from which the chronicler William of Malmesbury derived his name. He divides his work into five parts: the first embraces the history of the world from the creation to the Nativity; the second relates the early history of Christianity; the third is concerned with Italy; the fourth is wholly geographical; and the fifth most patriotically national. He has laid under contribution the *Historia Scholastica* of Peter Comestor, consulted freely Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, the *Brut*, and the *Golden Legend*; plagiarizes from Ralph Higden's *Polychronicon*; and copies bodily whole passages from William of Malmesbury, and the chronicle of Martinus Polonus. His chronology and etymologies are faulty enough; in the latter instance he is as amusingly quaint and absurd as Durandus himself, but his errors are usually taken second-hand from a well-known work of Isidore of Seville. "Dies," derived by him from "dian," a Greek word, and "luna," de-

* *Eulogium Historiarum*. Edited by F. S. Haydon. (Longmans.) 1858-60.

clared to be a contraction for "luminum una," will suffice as samples of his ingenuity; the derivation of Vienna from Via Gehennæ is open to more grave objections by the Austrians.

He assures us that in Paradise every tree bore fruit, but omits to give us the name of "the one man who laughed on his birthday." He, however, mentions the curious tradition of the prophecy of Adam, and that the Evil Spirit tempted Eve with the form of a serpent walking erect and with a woman's face, after she had been only seven hours in Eden. The loves of the evil angels, and the information that Semiramis, the Queen of Babylon, was the inventor of drawers, or trousers, are duly recorded, which may possibly be the origin of the sarcasm that certain strong-minded ladies wear "pajamas," or a portion of man's dress not used by male persons affecting to be Highlanders. Pallas is said to have been created a deity for her credit as a spinster, and Prometheus to have been called the man-maker when he was only an ingenious manufacturer of automata. Erechthonius was the first member of the "Four-in-hand" Club. The story of the witching shirt of Hercules is explained away, the giant, in fact, having been struck by epilepsy; and the magic stones of Deucalion were his hospitality to his subjects, who took refuge during a flood among the peaks of Parnassus. We meet with an old friend, King Lear; but are glad to learn that Shakespere very needlessly harrowed our feelings in the last act, Cordelia having survived her father by five years, although her ultimate fortune was to die in prison after all. Darius, the king, once proposed to his courtiers the difficult question which was the strongest—wine, a king, or woman; but it was decided in favour of the latter, because men would die for a woman, and by an *argumentum ad hominem*, for one of the chamber had seen the queen box her husband's royal cheeks; indeed, we are told that Democritus plucked out his beautiful eyes because the ladies stared at him, and that Leo the Great cut off his hand which an admiring damsel had kissed. Claudius, we are told, had such a short memory that immediately after having put his wife to death, he inquired in his dining-room the reason why the queen did not come to dinner; and Titus was so kindly-tempered that he said no man ought to leave a king's presence with a sad heart or an empty hand; and Constantine had such a notion of the importance of a clergyman's reputation that he said if he saw one doing wrong he would cover him with his imperial mantle. Ratordus, King of the Frisians, was about to be baptized by St. Wolfran, but unhappily asked the question whether more of his forefathers were in torment or in Paradise, and being answered "in the latter," he turned back, saying that he had much better go with the majority. The wonderful story of the Maid of Corinth is here related at full length, with more simplicity, and consequently with more power, than by Goethe himself.

Several amusing stories are told of Socrates: his explanation of his tolerance of the ill-humour of his wife—that it was good training for patience and to endure annoyance when from home: his good-humoured remark when a man beat him over the head in the street—that it was difficult to know when a man ought to put on a helmet out-of-doors; and when one of his wives, in a passion, emptied a pitcher of dirty water over him—"After thunder comes rain." Plato's gravity and the cynicism of Diogenes find their place, and we forget the philosopher in the drollery of the wit. His simplicity is delightful, for he throws away

his water-jug when he sees a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand: "Ah! I forgot Nature understood the art of drinking;" and his admirable composure, while he wiped his face when a man had spit at him, saying, "I shall contradict those who say that you have no mouth!" Pope Anicetus, like a modern Bishop of Rochester, who would not perhaps thank us for giving him such a precedent, forbade his clergy to have hair on their heads or beards on their chins. Robert the Wise, of France, officiated as precentor in a minster choir.

The compiler appears to have omitted no incident or anecdote which could interest or inform his readers. He writes always with taste and feeling. He as willingly relates the sigh of Titus for the loss of a day, as the address of the aged Apostle, who, too old to walk or to speak, at length was carried into the church and could just say, "Little children, love one another;" or the wit of the sacrilegious Dionysius, who applied the golden robe of Jupiter, in a temple in Sicily, to his own use, saying it was "too hot for the idol in summer, and too cold in winter." The merry monk had a fine sense of humour. Many of his stories, though not new, retain their racy flavour: such as that of the philosopher, who, being repulsed in an old dress, put on a smart habit, and then being admitted to court, astonished Dionysius by kissing his fine coat repeatedly; but was able to explain his affection by saying, "I honour that which honours me: it did more than virtue, for it gave me the *entrée*."

Very interesting details of ecclesiastical archaeology abound in these pages. The institution of certain portions of the Roman ceremonial, and biographical notes of celebrated writers and divines, are intermingled with superstitious stories and relations of portents, monsters, earthquakes, eclipses, famines, the papacy of Pope Joan, comets, plagues, the apparition of Pope Benedict in torment seated on a black horse, and of another as a beast; the horrible death of Pope Sylvester, who made a compact with the demon, in the Jerusalem Chapel in the Lateran, cutting off his hands, his feet, and plucking out his eyes, while the fiends hurried off with them as they fell from his body, and, as he sang mass, filled the air with a terrible chant.

The adoration of the ox and ass at the Nativity; the legend of the Veronica, the cloth which bore the impression of the features of the Saviour, which He gave to the saint of that name, supposed to be the Syro-Phœnician of the Gospel; the story of Judas Iscariot, and of Pilate wearing the seamless robe, his suicide, and rude burial in a tarn among the mountains near Lausanne; and the "Gospel of Nicodemus," giving the traditional names of the thieves, Dysman and Gysman, and of the centurion Longinus, are related at full length. One of the finest pieces of imaginative description in the world is contained in this apocryphal Gospel, in the Descent into Hell, translated by Lord Lindsay in his *Christian Art*—the salutation of the dead and their delivery from Limbo into Paradise; the prose is magnificent, and rises to positive sublimity. The signs and wonders preceding the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem, the apparition of armies in the air and the farewells of the departing angels at Pentecost, are told with equal simplicity; as is the terrible story of the famished mother in the siege feeding on the flesh of her own child, or the appeal of Titus to Heaven, as he halted before the ditches filled with dead bodies, and with tears cried aloud, "It is not my hand that has done this, but Thine." A very curious reason is assigned for the bonfires formerly lighted on the Eve of St. John, that little torches were

carried about on the tops of lances in memory of the burning of the Saint's body, and the scattering of the ashes by Julian the Apostate. We are told also of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, the Eleven Thousand Virgins of St. Ursula, and the two lions who acted as grave-diggers for St. Anthony. In Rome there were magic statues, each of which bore about its neck the name of a province of the empire: night and day priests were watching them, for if any province meditated rebellion the statue inscribed with its name pointed to the silver collar, and a horseman of brass brandished his spear in the same direction. On the night of the Nativity statues and horsemen fell prostrate, the eternal fire was extinguished on the altar, and the weird temple became a ruin.

The legends of the hidden treasure in Aquitaine, of the young man transformed into an ass, and the singers who sang for a whole year without ceasing, as a penance for interrupting a priest at mass, are new, while that of the old woman of Berkeley will be familiar to readers of Monk Lewis's *Tales of Terror*. We subjoin specimens of these legends, but necessarily in an abbreviated form.

LEGEND OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

"A young man of Aquitaine crossed the Alps on his way to Italy with twelve companions, more fond of adventure than burdened with money. One day he observed a hole in a mountain, which led, according to the country-folks, to the place where the treasures of Octavian lay hid, but many had sought them in vain, for they died among the defiles and intricacies of the passage. Undeterred by the tales, the young men determined on making the attempt, and prudently guided themselves by using a ball of thread, and penetrated the hill by a dark, narrow, and horrible path; bats flapped their wings in their eyes and faces; a precipice rose on one side, and a river flowed beneath their feet. The path was strewn with bones, but after many fears and dangers they emerged upon the opposite side to that on which they had entered, and saw before them a calm lake with rippling waters playing along the shore. It was spanned by a bridge of brass, and on the other bank appeared gigantic horses, like their riders, of glittering gold. They in vain essayed to cross, and were fain to content themselves with splitting up a silver dish; but a Jew necromancer laughed merrily at their disaster, and entering the mountain brought out some sparkling dust, which as long as it was damped with water looked and only looked sparkling as gold. For water, we are told, is an all-important ingredient in befooling people's eyes."

LEGEND OF THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY.

"The old woman of Berkeley, though halting on the edge of the grave, continued to use her charms, when one day, as her familiar raven croaked more dolorously than as he was wont, a messenger announced to her the death of her son and all his family. She immediately sent off for her remaining children, a monk and a nun, to bid them farewell before her death, which she felt was at hand. By her directions they sewed her body in a hart's skin, and placed it in a coffin of stone, enclosed her tomb with iron and lead, and secured it with three massive iron chains. Two psalms were to be chanted at night and as many masses by day, as a defence against the demons; if the third night passed and her body remained untouched, she was to be buried outright. During the first two nights, while the choir sang, the devils forced the great door of the church, and broke asunder two of the chains. On the third night, about cock-crow, the whole monastery shook to its foundations, and a devil with a face more terrible than the rest and far taller entered, having shattered the doors in pieces, and striding haughtily up to the tomb there called upon the wretched witch to arise. In vain she replied that her chain held her fast; 'Thou shalt be loosed,' he answered, and snapped it as if it had been a rope of tow: then he took her by the hand and let her out before them all, and set her upon a black

horse, who curved his back, bristling with iron points, and whinnied proudly before the doors. The whole demon cavalcade then swept away far out of sight, but for a distance of four miles cries and sobs were heard in the air."

LEGEND OF THE TRANSFORMED PLAYER.

"There were two old witches who lived on the road to Rome, and turned every traveller whom they entertained into a horse, an ass, or a hog. A wretched player, named Ephebus, underwent this transformation, and by his antics produced large gains to his tormentors, from whom a rich gentleman purchased him as a marvellous ass—a prodigy of training. One day, however, the player escaped, and plunging into a lake, luckily recovered his original form."

The legend of the niggardly Cellarer of Malvern arraigned before the Chapter of the Dead, and scourged by their hands, is remarkably striking. Those who are curious in expounding prophecy will find ample scope for their ingenuity in elucidating the predictions of Edward the Confessor and Merlin; and those who like imaginary conversations may peruse with profit the correspondence of Alexander the Great and Dindimus, lord of the Bragmans.

In the geographical portion of the work we have frequent quotations from Pliny concerning happy people in India who subsist on smell; mountains of gold guarded by terrible griffins and dragons; fig-trees under which whole troops can bivouack; happy giants who never suffer from headache or toothache, and are never too hot in summer; barkers loud as any watch-dogs; Albanians with owl-like eyes, seeing best at night; "Hyrcanian birds," whose plumage flashes at the same witching hour; Æthiopic asps, which carry jewels in their heads; Bohemian oxen, spouting boiling water on their hunters; salamanders; phoenixes; incorruptible peacocks; speechless satyrs; men with abnormal mouths and eyes in their breasts, such as Othello spoke of to Desdemona; and Troglydites. There are some hair-dyeing fountains; and wonderful islands in Ireland, where people cannot die; African fountains, hot by day and cold at night; petrifying springs in Norway; buried cities lying under Irish loughs; wolf-witches; and Finnish wind merchants: but we miss the apples of Sodom near the Dead Sea, but, as a compensation, learn that a lighted candle will not sink in its waters. The monk deals heavy blows against Old Erin in prose, but bursts into a limping song on his mention of Wales. Notices of canonizations, consecrations, battles, councils, comets, genealogies, storms, institution of orders, &c., fill up the complement of this remarkable work, which embraces the curious contents of a monk's commonplace book; and closes with the never-wearying story of King Arthur. It well deserves to be included in Mr. Bohn's series of translations of mediæval writers. Our only regret is, that in its present form it lacks three important additions—a glossary, explanatory notes, and that which Bayle called "the soul of a book," an index.

UNPOPULAR VIEW OF OUR TIMES.*

DESTITUTE of any obvious method, diluted by copious verbiage till the finest critical taste will sometimes but just detect the flavour of strong good sense in its periods, yet this volume is not

* *An Unpopular View of our Times; being the result of a free Inquiry into the existing sources of Demoralization, and the causes that have rendered ineffectual the schemes of Social Reformers, lay and clerical.* By Patrick Allan Fraser. 6s. (Edinburgh: Myles Macphail.)

one to be disregarded. Like pearls in deep water, sound argument and grave matter lie buried here beneath an ocean of printer's ink. "The work, as originally concluded more than two years ago," the author tells us, "did not greatly exceed two hundred pages." It daunts us now, a sturdy tome of six hundred; the after-birth of Mr. Fraser's curious fertility attaining to twice the proportions of his offspring proper. Birth and after-birth—fore-thought and after-thought—might have made together an important pamphlet, or an interesting treatise; they have been expanded into a volume with loss to writer and reader. The spice of Mr. Fraser's spirit and sentiment lies all abroad in this great haggis which he has dressed with it. His own cover might have repressed his prolixity, since it bears the pithy saw of one of those 'seven wise men' who condensed the wisdom of a lifetime into the limits of a sentence. If the sage, addressing the thoughtful Grecian, said only "Know thyself," can Mr. Fraser hope that an age will learn self-knowledge from his six hundred pages, whose Academe is the Stock Exchange, and whose philosophy must be learnt 'by steam'? We regret as well as blame the verbosity of our author's style, because there is that in his *Unpopular View* which well deserves to be popular. It is a loss to have a right-minded man, whose utterance deserves all our patience, and at the same time wearies it. A hundred fine thoughts are borne along in the book before us by a sober-footed style which advances heavily without a curvet of fancy, or a demi-volte of wit. Sometimes it even stumbles, in sentences helplessly spread from head to foot of the page, where "unprotected" verbs look back bewildered for lost nominatives, and rival relatives contend for the same antecedent. We have read Mr. Fraser's book, and will endeavour to do him justice against himself, winnowing from the great heap of his language, the golden grain of his philosophy.

If its tenets and teachings can at all be synthesized, they can best be so, by terming it "the philosophy of the personal." Mill has justly denounced the aggregative spirit of the age which acts by masses and upon them, killing individual liberty and life; and dealing with education, with benevolence, with all moral and social duties, indeed, as joint-stock concerns, to be administered like Indian railways, or copper-mine companies. Mr. Fraser sternly and abruptly recalls the age to the contemplation of individual duties and rights, declaring "individual obedience to God's laws the only possible mode of securing collective well-being." No educational system, he says, nor ingenious reform, nor indulgent compensation, will cheat Nature or Duty of the penalty for broken laws. Their laws are broken when one capitalist gathers into one mill the labours and the profits of a thousand hands. Their laws are broken when those hands, no longer men, lose manly and moral qualities in the unhealthy and uninspiring nature of their labour. They are broken when all is sacrificed to money-making, and the divine gift of genius, the creative thought of the inventor, is enlisted to enrich riches by machinery which renders the workman as well as the work cheaper, and reduces the thoughtful artisan to a thoughtless minder of a drill or a wheel. A passage which expounds this view as fairly perhaps as any other, may be found at page 40:—

"Owing to our avaricious appreciation of those mechanical inventions and discoveries in science for which this age has been so pre-eminently distinguished, we have practically lost sight of the truth

that the moral nature of man is not a manufactured article, capable of being produced out of raw material through the agency of money and machinery; and have been led to overlook the fact that although we add to the material capital in the country by the means we use to stimulate commercial enterprise, and increase the production of manufactured articles, we daily and hourly diminish our moral wealth in consequence of those means preventing the performance of individual obedience to Nature's laws. In other words, we now fail to recognize practically, that while we give the productions of our factories and workshops in exchange for the money and the natural productions of other countries, and by the material profit remaining in our favour, we increase the wealth of our merchants and manufacturers, and contribute to the money comforts of the working classes—we, as a people, lose in moral health and social well-being, because we fail to receive in exchange the same extent of moral, intellectual, and physical health lost by our working population while employed in making those articles, and by the practices of those engaged in conducting the exchange."

Astonished cotton-lords and indignant manufacturers may bring very good arguments against any limitation of their employment of machinery. We ourselves are not entirely with Mr. Fraser in his remarks on this head, for steam is but a material power, and cannot supersede the brain and hand of the intelligent worker. It must, undoubtedly, be regarded as the province of inventors to consign gradually to this strong slave of mankind, all that is slavish and mechanical in man's work. There will be plenty left to do when steam reaps our wheat, and builds our boats, and hems our kerchiefs. But the cotton-lords do not so escape Mr. Fraser. He brings them to the grindstone of his axiom, and asks if this gigantic money-machine of theirs works with or against "individual obedience to God's laws." It is a law of God and of nature that children should have time to grow in mind and body, and meanwhile to enjoy their parents' tender cares. Will that suit Birmingham, and Nottingham, and Manchester, where mass-work, lacking all the dignity of labour, has degraded the workman below the place and pride of parents, and where little children are put into the mill before their young joints are set? The mother, busy all day at mule-twist or lace-drawing, leaves the task which God set her, to a hired nurse, while she accomplishes that of the mill-owner. If her neglected baby survives to be a child, it is not regarded as a "gift of God" to the householder, but a gift of a weekly 2s. 6d. to the household expenses, earned by early and unnatural toil. The capitalist, "making haste to be rich," drives his golden car of commerce over the souls and bodies of these poor children, himself doubtless the while a benevolent and upright man. This is Mr. Fraser's point. Your benevolence is a compromise, he says, and your uprightness a downright sham, if you think to break, or help to break, the laws of nature as they apply to each or any of your hands, and then to compound with her and them by good wages or holiday excursions, or salve of wealth, ever so skilfully compounded. "Nay," says Mr. Fraser, "your very anxiety to sympathize with and to assist them, condemns your system." How is it come about that these workers, being able of themselves, as God made them, to help themselves, and losing the dignity of labourers when they accept the charity of paupers—how comes it that they need wholesale help, sanitary, educational, and social, to make them clean, sensible, and not brutes? It simply comes, because wholesale dealings with men as machines have made necessary wholesale measures with them as men. These measures fail because you cannot do with a *hand* what you might induce

a heart or a head to achieve for itself. The absorbing centralization of modern trade is dead against the kind diffusiveness of nature. It bore fair fruit at first in intercourse and opened commerce before it reached its present unhealthy dimensions. But now it cumbers the ground; peace is imperilled by it, and the great conscience of England is more than half committed to a shameful side, by the urgent need of cotton to bolster up the business of Manchester. All which is come, Mr. Fraser urges, because Heaven gave a hand to the artisan, and we have made the artisan a hand; because the joint worship of God and Mammon is an eternal impossibility, however fervent the liturgy and dexterous the articles of the priests of Trade.

Like the bearer of the magic shield in Aristotle, which, being unveiled, struck every enemy powerless, so Mr. Fraser confronts existing demoralizations with the same axiom. Individual rights and individual duties—upon these he strenuously insists. Thus, in education we are mainly seeking to brim the infant mind with facts physical and religious, while the right and duty of the State as Educator is no more than to teach it how to assimilate them for itself. In charity the conscience of wealth quiets itself with a subscription or a gift, pouring in the oil and wine by deputy, not quite like the Samaritan. In social life money and advancement are regarded as the only reward of energy or skill; as if the dignity of the artist were not in some measure shared by the true and conscientious craftsman. It is no wonder, our author declares, that strikes occur, and that workmen clamour for pay, since their employers set them the example of striving for nothing but profit. Capital and labour, which should be mutual helpers, are set at variance by a system that, collecting capital into a few centres, compels labour also to concentrate into unnatural mass-work, or unreasoning conspiracy. "Were it possible," says Mr. Fraser,—

"Were it possible for us to ascertain the cost to society of each of its cotton lords and merchant princes, we should have a better guide to the chief source of our increased and still increasing taxation than we are likely to receive from any of our commercial or political patriots. If, instead of merely extolling the energy and enterprise of tradesmen and manufacturers who rise from comparative poverty to great affluence, we were to endeavour to count the cost to society of their elevation, I mean the cost inseparable from the system whereby their elevation is effected, we should, I believe, find that the game of merchant-prince and cotton-lord-making is the most expensive, morally and socially, in which any people or country has ever engaged; and that our rapidly increasing taxation is not the cause, but the effect, of crime and misery."

It would be out of the question to follow Mr. Fraser through all his fearless raids upon the causes of social demoralization. It is enough to have shown that he is a bold knight and bears a sharp lance; for such a champion there is work enough and to spare. But, as a Scotchman, it is a new thing to see that he does not spare Scotch faults, riding down the ignorance, the narrowness, and the bigotry of her ministers, like a moss-trooper among the cattle-drovers. He condemns them for the impertinence which confounds the interest of churchmen with the interests of a church, and for the arrogant dogmatism which they call religion. Mr. Buckle, shows us why Scotland exhibits intellectual independence in conjunction with religious slavery. Historical events brought about this unnatural union, and some of its phenomena Mr. Fraser examines. He is orthodox, even judged by Caledonian dictionaries, but too just not to reprove the "pulpit censure,"

which still does duty beyond the border for the "cutty stool," and that mad revivalism, in which certain divines believe they see the wisdom which cometh from on high, and which "is first pure, then peaceable." On this subject our author's remarks are cutting and healthy.

"There are, no doubt, amongst those who believe in revival conversions many who are perfectly sincere in their belief, but, I maintain, their sincerity is but an evidence of mental disease, hereditary or acquired; and that in the fact that there are clergymen who encourage these fanatical meetings we have certainly a strong proof that some other means than those at present in use for testing the fitness of those who aspire to the clerical office is much required; for if it were the purpose of the clergy to produce insanity, they could not adopt a mode more likely to be successful than that which is practised at these revival gatherings. Let any one imagine himself benighted in the still darkness of night and at a place previously wholly unknown to him, anxious to proceed onwards, yet not knowing which way to turn, and, whilst in this state of doubt and perplexity, to hear many voices loudly calling to him to fly from some impending, unseen, yet terrible danger, and he will, I believe, but remotely approximate the conception of that condition of mind to which the poor deluded, down-stricken believer in revivalism is reduced when, without the slightest knowledge how to escape from that awful doom which the frenzied imagination delights in vividly portraying, he or she falls a victim to that over-nervous excitement produced by that heathenish fanaticism which passes for Christian devotion upon those occasions."

Dr. Guthrie, a master in the Israel beyond the Tweed, has taken occasion to congratulate the age upon its high Christianity, because it loads ships with Bibles, and opens ragged schools. "Our fathers," he lately said, "took very little interest in anything beyond their own homes; to live a holy life, and to rear a pious and godly family, was about the height of their ambition." With mordent logic, Mr. Fraser confutes this doctrine of the Rabbim of Evangelism.

"If we are to believe with Dr. Guthrie that subscriptional godliness is in advance of practical holiness, we may perceive that the difficulties that stand in the way of our progress heavenwards are neither many nor great, at least not to those who possess more money than they require in order to supply their daily wants. . . I am disposed to believe that if the Rev. Dr. Guthrie could bring us back to those practices to which he says our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were addicted, that of living holy lives, and rearing pious and godly families, we should get on very well without ragged schools in particular, and co-operative benevolence in general."

Truly it does not seem that much would have to be desired collectively, if individual duties were all fully done. If, too, evangelization is better than practical piety, which will Dr. Guthrie teach first to the heathen?—will he bid them be careless of temperance, soberness, and chastity, so as they push the Scotch books merrily along, and keep the missionary pot at boil? Or is logic but a "bauld hizzie," not admitted to the complacent Sanhedrim of Scotch divinity. In the end of his work, well worth arriving at if only for this, the author speaks on the kindred topic so gallantly and with such good sense, that we will quote him if it belie our judgment of his general style.

"We should come to know ourselves better, and to see the social remedies we stand in need of in a much clearer light than we are led to do by the teaching and schemes of most clergymen, were we to bear in mind that it is through the laws of Nature that God hears and answers all our petitions; that it is by the natural operation of his laws that

he rewards and punishes all men; that by the unerring justice of these laws his willing ear is ever open to all our supplications, and his outstretched arm ever ready to protect alike the poorest, the wealthiest, the wisest, the most foolish, the strongest, and the weakest of men. Were we to seek for the means of becoming better and wiser through obedience to those laws which we are told in Scripture our Saviour came to fulfil as an example to us, we should soon find that in resting our hopes on being saved through a belief in the dogmas that are promulgated by many clergymen, we are indeed resting our hopes on 'a bruised reed,' and seeking for the water of life in 'broken cisterns that can hold no water.'"

Although in the main applauding Mr. Fraser's philosophy, we must not be held to bind ourselves to all its teaching. There is a notable weakness about him, which he would condemn in others, that of want of faith in the development of ethical good from (not by) social evils. This leads to empirical remedies like those which he has just denounced, and conducts him to unpractical conclusions, which throw doubt upon sound premises. Thus, he declares himself against machinery; he seems to ask intellectual handiwork for all workmen alike, and to demand for individual culture a little more perhaps than social relations can ever concede. Thus, too, he positively condemns the emigrant to tropical or unhealthy countries, and declares him justly punished by degenerated powers, for contempt of physical laws. A child might answer this. Self-preservation is the first, but not the highest law of nature; and civilization were impossible if climates are to bar its pioneers. We must take the world as we find it, proceeding thereafter to set it and ourselves in such order as we can achieve. Other faults might be noted in the immense range of Mr. Fraser's speculations, which go over all the ground of society, like Marlow's *Soul*, upon its bold and discursive "errand." Mr. Fraser might indeed have fitly quoted those famous verses as the tail-piece of his thoughtful book:—

"Tell churches of their boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention;
If any do reply,
Give each of them the lie.

"Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie."

"WHO BREAKS—PAYS."*

THE Italian proverb which the author of the volumes before us has chosen as the title of his story, in itself inculcates a very admirable lesson. The fact that effects follow upon causes in moral action, as justly and as inevitably as in physical phenomena, is one which it is not easy to recognize, but which it is easier to believe, than to act as if we did. A man has advanced a long way in moral knowledge, who has learned to feel that nothing is ever lost; that just as in mechanics every force must have its proportionate effect, although it may be counterbalanced by another, and as in chemistry no element is ever annihilated, whatever change of form it may undergo, so in the dealings between men and men, no action, no word, no thought, ever perishes, but lives on in varied shapes, in strange results, to the end of time. Like a stone dropped into a tranquil pool, each act of ours is the centre of

* "Who Breaks—Pays." (Italian Proverb.) By the Author of *Cousin Stella*. Two Vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder, and Co.

trembling circles, ever-widening and almost infinitely numerous. "Who breaks, pays" is giving a wider meaning to the old Scripture saying, that bread cast upon the waters shall be found again after many days; that if when asked for bread we have given a stone, that too shall find us again, that the gibbering spectres of evil and selfish deeds, and the benign shapes of sacrifices and good deeds, are all around and about us, not fled as we carelessly supposed into oblivion, but working with ceaseless activity, and constituting the very atmosphere in which we live and move. It is the most important moment in life, when we discern that the future is after all only the development of the present, as the present is the natural evolution of the past; that as physically, we are sustained by the produce of past labour, and as the produce of the present labour will be the sustenance of that which is to come, so morally, we are weaving to-day the garment which is to clothe us to-morrow; that the actions which we do or omit to do, the thoughts which we encourage or stifle, the words which we say or let die ere they are spoken,—that all these, whether in their presence or their absence, are the causes of which our character in ensuing years is the just effect. "Who breaks, pays" is a formula expressive of one of the most important of all moral truths.

As a text for a novel, this Italian saying is incomparably appropriate. The author before us, unhappily, has made it rather a title than a subject. His story is not intended to be a careful working out of the principle of retribution, nor a thoughtful illustration of the way in which that principle operates in human affairs. It does not set before us in any strong light, the picture of guilt followed by its legitimate and natural expiation; of folly evolving from itself its proper punishment; or of the inevitably fatal result which error at once creates and contains. In fact the author had composed a romance, and we readily confess, a very clever romance, and then fastened this old proverb to it. Instead of developing and illustrating the great truth which it furnishes, he has written a smart love-story, and prefixed a smart motto; for in this author's hands, "Who breaks, pays" is no more. With him it is not the condensed expression of a universal law, but a generalization which is further ratified by the tale of a beautiful girl, who jilted an ardent lover, married somebody else, quarrelled with her husband, and was, when on the eve of reconciliation with him, accidentally shot.

The story is not very complicated, nor the plot very elaborate. Lill Tufton is of surpassing beauty, sings to perfection, and is as wilful, as passionate, as generous, and as high-spirited, as beautiful heroines have a right to be. In Paris, she meets with a patriotic Italian, Mr. Giuliani, who prefers earning a scanty subsistence by teaching his native language, to entering upon his patrimonial estate and title at the cost of recanting his political principles. Of Mr. Giuliani we need only say that he is a delightfully conventional hero; with a powerful head, abundance of curly black hair, a fine glossy beard, large deep-set eyes, a grave manner, and profound convictions. That this patrotic philosopher should tumble into the abyss of love for a pretty, spirited girl is quite natural; and that the pretty, spirited girl should be proud of her conquest of a patriotic philosopher, and should think she has tumbled in love with him, is not a whit less so. After much fencing on both sides, and after the Italian has done his very best to avoid what he feels to be his destiny, he is one day forced on by his evil star to avow his passion,

and a sort of quasi-betrothal is the result, marked by the usual number of quarrels, misunderstandings, and the like. Before Miss Tufton has had the courage to inform her guardian of the state of the case, she is hurried home to England. Here, after a series of country *fêtes*, pic-nics, and dinner-parties, she discovers that she has been mistaken about herself and Giuliani, and writes to tell him so, receiving by return of post all her old love-letters. The next step in the action of the piece is the betrothal, and speedy marriage, of Lill to a handsome Leander of a baronet, whom for our part we regard with sincere contempt, as an affected, empty-headed puppy. Two months after their marriage, the happy bride discovers some of her husband's pre-nuptial gallantries, and determines to decree herself a judicial separation *à mensâ et thoro* for a twelvemonth. Her husband goes to England, and she seeks some friends at Genoa. Here she meets Giuliani, who, after being jilted by her, had very sensibly not drowned nor shot nor poisoned himself, but joined the army of his patriotic countrymen, then fighting against Austria and the Archdukes. Of course he is still a little blighted, but nothing to speak of, and hard work and hard fighting are as usual bringing their cure. The two have an interview, in the course of which Giuliani recommends Lill to ask her husband's forgiveness as soon as possible. This advice is acted upon, and on the very day when she is expecting her husband's return, the unhappy heroine is accidentally shot, during a revolutionary movement in Genoa.

This is a brief outline of the plot. The author tells his tale in a manner with which there is little to find fault. The figures are artistically grouped; all the minor ones being introduced with due regard to the two that are most prominent. The dialogue is, in the main, spirited and natural; while the incidents are free from that monstrous improbability, which so commonly characterizes modern fiction. We must, however, protest against the vulgarity which occasionally offends us in the diction of the heroine. For instance, when she talks to "Crummie dear" and "dear old Crummie," who would suppose that the object of her invocation was a respectable, middle-aged cousin and chaperone, whose full name and title was Miss Crumpton? Sir Mark, too, her grandfather and guardian, is frequently guilty of outrageous solecisms. Taken as a whole, however, *Who Breaks—Pays* deserves to stand very high amongst novels of the second class. But this reminds us again to ask whence it has got its name. Who has broken what? It is probably intended that Lill's accidental death should be the punishment for the grief she caused to Giuliani; but this is the merest superstition. Her death was the result of her going out on to an open balcony at a time when firing was going on in the streets; it was the effect of accident, and not at all of retributive law. As the chapter in which her death is narrated is called by the same title as the novel, the author plainly means that her death pays for what she has broken: it is true only so far as this, that it was the price of her breaking the very excellent rule, not to stir out of doors in a foreign town when a revolution is in progress. It is better to understand things clearly, and to attribute effects to their real causes. The retribution meant in the Italian proverb is not that of external pains and penalties, exacted by accident, but the punishment which grows by natural and inevitable growth from a piece of wrong-doing, just as a tree grows spontaneously from its root.

DR. TWISS ON INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

It is good for us to see the great lights of Oxford and Cambridge shedding forth their beams for the illustration of so important a branch of study as Jurisprudence. Not long since, we derived both profit and pleasure from Dr. Maine's elaborate volume upon Ancient Law; and Dr. Maine, it will be remembered, was for some time Regius Professor of Laws in the University of Cambridge. Now, from the pen of a gentleman who fills the corresponding post in the sister University of Oxford, we have a contribution to the aids which already exist for enabling the student of the Law of Nations to master his difficult subject, not unworthy of its author's high reputation. It is by no means the first appearance of Dr. Twiss in the character, for which he has so many qualifications, of an investigator, expounder, and illustrator of legal questions; but we are inclined to think that this, his latest work, will, from the interesting nature of the subjects which he discusses, be the most widely serviceable of all his efforts. And though we may not find in it the subtle ingenuity, the profound erudition, the delicate touches of fancy, and the singular felicity of diction, which made Dr. Maine's book such delightful, at the same time that it was such thought-compelling, reading, the nature of things precludes us from expecting them in Dr. Twiss's treatise; and the absence of them is fully compensated for by the practicability and immediate interest of the matters which are discussed by the Oxford Professor. For we live in an age when nearly every one reads—at least the newspaper; and it is impossible for the newspaper-reader to take up a journal in which he will not find some point which cannot be settled to the satisfaction of his mind, without a knowledge of, at any rate, the elements of the Law of Nations. The extra-tradition of the fugitive Anderson—the secession of the Southern States of America—and, more recently still, the utter uselessness of flight in the extraordinary case of the Baron de Vidil, are questions which all men have discussed, and in the discussion of which an acquaintance with Dr. Twiss's new work would have been of great benefit as an antidote to crudeness of opinion.

Dr. Twiss proposes to divide his treatise into two parts, the first comprising the Rights and Duties of Nations in time of Peace, the second embracing the Rights and Duties of Nations in time of War. In the present volume we have the first part only. Of the twelve chapters into which it is divided, the first is devoted to the consideration of Nations as Subjects of Law; the second to an exposition of the Incidents and Modifications of International Life; the third treats of the National State-Systems of Christendom; the fourth, of the Ottoman Empire; the fifth, of the Sources of the Law of Nations; the sixth, of the Right of Self-Preservation; the seventh, of the Right of Acquisition; the eighth, of the Rights of Possession; the ninth, of the Right of Jurisdiction; the tenth, of the Right of the Sea; the eleventh, of the Right of Legation; and the twelfth, of the Right of Treaty. And each of them is pregnant with useful and lucid information, valuable not only to the student of law, but to the layman; for it is impossible, as we have already hinted, properly to appreciate the bearing of questions which daily arise, without some acquaintance with International Jurisprudence. Whether it were necessary to start, as Dr. Twiss has started, with the definition of a nation in

* *The Law of Nations*. By Dr. Travers Twiss, D.C.L. 8vo. Pp. xxiii, 378. 12s. (Longmans.)

its primary and etymological sense, and according to the ideas of Grotius, Puffendorf, De Wolff, and Vattel, and to trace the growth of Natural Society, we are doubtful; we think it would have been sufficient to begin by stating what is "the fundamental element which imparts to a State the character of a Nation," in the sense in which it is used when we speak of the Law of Nations or of International Law. This element is undoubtedly political independence; and that independence is absolute, "so that nations, in respect of their intercourse under the common law, are peers or equals;" and "a Free City of Germany is as much an independent State as the empire of the Ottomans." The nationalization, overtly or tacitly, and the denationalization of States, are also points on which it is necessary to have a clear idea; of the former, Dr. Twiss gives as instances the cases of the States of the Roman Empire of the Germans, which, "upon the signing of the Treaty of Westphalia, became *de jure* members of the European family of nations;" and of the American Union, which "was *de facto* recognized as a nation by France, when Louis XVI. concluded the Treaties of Paris (February 6th, 1778) with the envoys of the Thirteen Provinces; and by the Low Countries, when the States General concluded the treaty of the Hague with them (October 8th, 1782);" and the claim of which "to be generally regarded as a nation, became indisputable from the day when the mother country acknowledged *de facto* her former dependencies to be *sui juris*, by entering into international engagements with the Federal Union;" and of the latter, "the Republics of the Valais and of Geneva, and the Principality of Neuchâtel," which "voluntarily renounced their capacity to enter into treaty-engagements with foreign Powers upon their admission into the Union of Helvetic States;" to which he adds the case of "the Princes of the Germanic Empire, who were mediatised upon the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine (July 12, 1806)," and "were interdicted by the independent members of that Confederation, to whose sovereignty they had been made respectively subject from entering into treaty-engagements with foreign Powers," and "accordingly ceased to occupy the place in the family of nations into which they had been admitted by the Treaty of Westphalia."

Dr. Twiss is very lucid in his remarks upon the recognition as members of the family of Nations, of Dependencies which separate themselves from the independent political communities to which they have belonged; and his illustrations of conditions of Protected Independence, as exemplified in the Principality of Monaco, the Seignory of Kniphausen, the Ionian Islands, the late Free City of Cracow, the little Republic of Andorre in the Pyrenees, and "the international atom" of San Marino, should be read, marked, learnt, and digested. It is almost startling to find announced amongst the national state-systems of Christendom the newly formed Southern confederacy. Dr. Twiss simply tells the tale of the resumption by South Carolina of that independence which had merged by consent in the general independence of the Federal Union, and of the following in her wake of those other States which acknowledge Jefferson Davis as their President; he does not vouchsafe any opinion upon their right to act as they have done without at least taking the opinion of the Supreme Court, and perhaps it would be beyond the scope of his treatise to do so; but in our humble opinion it seems premature to include the confederacy amongst the National State-systems before it

has received that recognition which has not yet been accorded to it so far as we are aware, by any existing nation. Besides, we should have felt obliged had Dr. Twiss kindly informed us when South Carolina had, out of the Union, any existence as an independent political community or nation: if she had, as (in our ignorance perhaps) we imagine, none at any time, she clearly cannot *resume* what never belonged to her. That a whole chapter should be given to the Ottoman Empire need surprise none who recollect how remarkable has been the development during the last quarter of a century of the international relations between the Porte and Christendom. Indeed, notwithstanding that "the Ottoman Porte has for all practical purposes adopted the common law of Europe as the rule of its intercourse with non-Mahomedan Powers in matters not specially provided for by treaty engagements," the difference between Mahomedan and Christian manners and institutions is so broadly marked, that anomaly will be still the prevailing feature in all its arrangements with foreign Powers, and therefore an account of the constitution of the Ottoman empire, and an investigation of several of its treaties and conventions, is more than ordinarily useful and welcome. In treating of the sources of the Law of Nations, Dr. Twiss has gone fully into the question of what is natural law and what is positive law, and has clearly shown that it is unnecessary to draw the distinction which over-refiners would fain draw between absolute natural law and modified natural law: the natural, of course, varies with different degrees of civilization, but is still the natural; according to some hairsplitters, we should say that the absolute natural law of decency demands fig-leaves, but the modified natural law trousers. Of the absolute rights of nations, self-preservation is undoubtedly the cardinal; and that with its treaty limitations, as well as the rights of self-aggrandisement, the right of anticipating attack, the right of confederation with which is closely connected the balance of power, the reader will find satisfactorily discussed.

With respect to the right of acquisition there is perhaps no point upon which non-professional persons are more ignorant than the claim which is conferred by discovery; and Dr. Twiss himself says:—"It is difficult to lay down absolutely what constitutes a sufficient sign that a territory has been effectually taken into possession after discovery." It is quite clear that an intention to occupy after discovery must be forthwith followed by some act of possession as a *notification of the fact*. But then, again, what sort of a *notification* will the comity of nations respect? It is not readily defined; but there is no doubt that there is a tendency to require that the *notification* should be pretty plain and unmistakable; probably, the weaker the power the plainer should be the notification. However, discovery followed by settlements, gives a perfect title to the weakest people. Right of acquisition is naturally followed by rights of possession or *jura possessionis*, as distinguished from the *jus possidendi*. Of these, that which has been the subject of most dispute and most misconception comes into question when two contemorary nations are in possession of the opposite banks of a navigable river, neither nation having a priority of title from priority of occupation or other cause. In this case Grotius and Vattel lay down, as the proper line of demarcation, *the middle of the river*; Dr. Twiss, after Klüber and others, more properly pronounces it to be the *Thalweg*, or mid-channel; and if there be more than one channel, "the line

drawn along the surface of the stream corresponding to the line of deepest depression of its bed;" and as a case in point, he instances the Treaty of Argovie (September 17, 1808) between the Grand Duchy of Baden and the Helvetic Canton of Argovie, in which "the *Thalweg*, or frontier-line, is defined to be 'the line drawn along the greatest depth of the stream,' and so far as bridges are concerned, 'the line across the middle of each bridge.'" In his remarks upon the right of jurisdiction, Dr. Twiss does not enter very minutely into the *criteria* of Domicil, as being "foreign from the purpose of the present treatise," but refers "those who desire to become more accurately acquainted with the details of this branch of the Law of Nations" to "Mr. Justice Story's excellent work on the *Conflict of Laws*, and M. Felix's treatise on *Private International Law*." And, *à propos* of Mr. Justice Story, we may remark that Dr. Twiss has frequent occasion to speak in high terms of the opinions of American jurists.

That the right of the sea has been treated by Dr. Twiss in the style of a master, his reputation in the Admiralty Court is sufficient warrant. From his chapter upon the Right of Legation we cull, as likely to interest general readers, the following passages:—

"The precise rank and precedence however of Diplomatic Agents was not a matter universally agreed upon amongst the Nations of Europe, until the Powers assembled in Congress at Vienna came to a common understanding on the subject, and established Three Classes:—

- "1. Ambassadors, Legates or Nuncios.
- "2. Envoys, Ministers, and others accredited to Sovereigns, (*auprès des Souverains*.)
- "3. *Chargés d'Affaires* accredited to Ministers of Foreign Affairs.

"This classification proceeded upon a very intelligible distinction between the functions exercised by each Class. The Ambassador is accredited by a Sovereign to a Sovereign, and represents the *personal dignity* of his Constituent, as well as the *public affairs* of the Nation over which his Constituent rules. The Envoy or Minister is similarly accredited by a Sovereign to a Sovereign, but he represents only the *affairs of the Nation* over which his Constituent rules. The *Chargé d'Affaires* is not accredited by the Sovereign to the Sovereign, but is accredited by the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. At the subsequent Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, (21 Nov. 1818,) the five Great Powers there assembled agreed to institute a Class intermediate between the Envoy and the *Chargé d'Affaires*, to which they gave the title of *Ministers Resident* accredited to Sovereigns. The distinction thus introduced was not very logical, seeing that the extent of the second Class remained the same, and that the second is sufficiently large to include the third. The reasons for the introduction of this intermediate Class may be traced to the unwillingness of the Great Continental Powers to allow their Ministers of the Second Class to give way to the Ministers of the same Class who represented the Minor Powers of Germany, and who might be entitled by Seniority, agreeably to the regulations of the Congress of Vienna, to take precedence of the Envoys of the Great Powers. The introduction of a Third Class under the title of *Ministers Resident*, accredited to Sovereigns, enabled the Minor Powers to avoid all contest with the Great Powers, and at the same time to have the services of Diplomatic Agents who were Public Ministers properly speaking."

The last chapter, upon the Right of Treaty, contains, besides expositions and illustrations of leagues and extra-tradition treaties, a short account of the famous, much-extolled, much-abused Holy Alliance; a copy of the letter sent by the Emperor Alexander to the Prince Regent, and of the Prince Regent's reply.

In conclusion, we have only to say, that Dr. Twiss's work will form a valuable addition to

the library, not only of the law-student, but of every man who takes an interest in international affairs. Dr. Twiss occasionally differs from Dr. Phillimore and Mr. Austin upon minor points, but not without giving his reasons: and we think that he had sufficiently prepared the reader for his opposition to Mr. Austin's views upon the expression Positive Law, when in his preface he regrets that "at a time when much progress is being everywhere made in practice to establish the ascendancy of the reason over the will, certain eminent writers who have treated of general jurisprudence have adopted the primeval notion of law, according to which law is exclusively to be regarded as a rule of conduct imposed by a sovereign power upon a subject community." After this, we think he was exonerated from further vindication of the terms he has thought fit to adopt.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH AND THE AMERICAN UNION.*

THE expression "American Church" is of necessity an indefinite term, and that of "American Union" just now a paradox. Yet the combination of the two at the present time by an American clerical writer of eminence is natural enough. Dr. Caswall tells us in his preface what his title led us to expect—that "the publication of his present volume has been suggested by the difficulties now existing between the North and the South." All readers, therefore, will look for some elucidation of those difficulties, especially in reference to the action which the Church may be able to bear upon them. Whether their anticipations will be entirely realized remains to be seen.

The first introduction of the principles of the Established Church into America, their subsequent struggles into corporate existence, and their final consolidation in the institution known as the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, is a curious study. English students of history are accustomed to wonder how it is that through the infidelity of the Commonwealth—the licentiousness of the Court of Charles II.—the half-Presbyterian, half-callous protection of William III., and the dead cold apathy of the major part of the last century, the Church of England is alive even at home. In the American colonies these principles were germinated in difficulties, and grew against the very obstacles which were almost stifling the mother plant in England. But in the Colonies, there was an element at work which, while it accounts for the Church's subsequent loss of hold upon the nation in which she claims to be so important an element, also accounts for her being allowed to grow up as a power beside it. She commenced life without being a necessary part of the body which really nourished her. She came, as it were, under constitutional protection; but constitutional protection cared very little whether she lived or not.

All the more important of the English settlements in North America were made under charters granted to companies or to individuals, and these charters provided that the religion in force at home should be observed. But it was not until the Crown resumed its grants that the proviso was, under Government authority, reduced into a system. Thus in Virginia, as early as 1619, the Governor, with the aid of a representative assembly, fixed the annual payment of its clergy at

£200 in maize and tobacco, and appointed 100 acres of land in every borough for glebes. In the course of time this plan, differing only in the manner of application, was followed in Maryland and in Carolina. So that the Church made good its footing; and though it is to be feared it was more the footing of acquiescence than of faith, it was a strong one long before it was assailed by those causes which strike at the very vitals of all religious systems. Even in the colonies of New England, where the rules of the Pilgrim Fathers and the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut had in one instance murdered laymen who had neglected to attend chapel on Sabbath, and in another sacrificed a pastor for "eating green peas" on a Sunday, the Church gradually flourished; and as an instance of its progress, its fold embraced, in 1761, nearly a tenth part of the entire population of New England. If we understand Dr. Caswall rightly—his mode of dealing with different periods and different epochs in the Church makes us diffident—the principles of the Church in America were at the eve of the Revolution in this position. In the New England provinces Church principles were accepted to the extent of one-tenth of the population; in Maryland one-third; in Virginia and Carolina one-fourth each. But this, it must be observed, does not imply, at least in the latter two and other kindred districts, any calculations as to dissent. In New England, of course, the old Pilgrim Faith had its followers, and in Virginia large numbers of Presbyterians had come in, from causes which are historical; but the main difficulty with which the Church had had to contend was want of weapons. For years had it been pressing the home Government in vain for bishops. "As a necessary consequence," says Dr. Caswall, "the Church continued weak; while, virtually, every form of sectarianism was encouraged." Young men who wished to be ordained, but could not bear the suffering or the cost of sea-voyage to England, were ordained to dissent, and of those who did cross the seas one-fifth died. It may be in fact accepted, that at the period of the Revolution the Church might have represented a far larger amount of the population of the Colonies than it really did; but that it exercised an immense influence upon the community, both in regard to its individual action and to the respect accorded it by the governments of individual States, is undoubted.

The Revolution, however, was a signal for an outburst against the Church. The Anabaptists were the first to acquire equality of rights. One of the revolutionary generals informed Mr. Inglis, of "Trinity," New York, that "General Washington would be at church, and would be glad if prayers for the 'King and Royal Family' were omitted, or the word 'king' were exchanged for that of 'commonwealth.'" The result of the Revolution is thus summed up by our author:—

"When American independence was finally recognized by Great Britain, the Society for Propagating the Gospel, in compliance with the terms of its charter, made no further allowances to the missionaries of the United States. . . . In Virginia a sentence took away the remaining glebes and many houses of worship. . . . Members of the Church of England attached themselves to popular sectarianism. . . . The churches were in ruins, or closed, or deserted; there was no centre of unity; and not a shadow of ecclesiastical government existed."

Let us add from another page, that no more than two hundred clergy in orders existed, and that there existed no bishop.

For the struggles of the American Church towards this latter object; of her Liturgical

difficulties, and of the merits of the discussions arising upon them, we must refer the reader to the volume; but in respect to the relation of the American Church to slavery, and consequently to the secession movement, a few words are in place. Immediately upon the secession becoming a fact, seven out of fifteen dioceses ceased to pray for the "President and for Congress." Dr. Caswall lays emphasis upon this. He seems by implication to couple it with the days when the Colonies ceased to pray for "his Majesty King George;" but this would be of little matter except when compared with his opinions upon slavery. Dr. Caswall gives us the opinions of Washington, of Monroe, of Madison, of Buchanan, as exhibiting the miseries of slavery; "how that a mother dare not go to her bed;" how that men are murdered in broad daylight in Alabama, all for slavery; how that slavery degrades the slaveholder and the slaveholding community; how that this slaveholding promotes among the slaveholding youth the system of daylight butchery; how that a real slaveholder cannot either educate or emancipate his slave. All this he authenticates by extracts from speeches by notorious slaveholders; and then makes an appeal for the Church of America not coming forward to denounce these things on the ground that so many millions of dollars are involved in such undertakings, and that some of the bishops are engaged in educating the very people whom he said could not be educated; and last of all, that slavery is permitted by the Bible.

Our duty is to criticize neither slavery nor the Bible, but it is to criticize Dr. Caswall's book. Dr. Caswall's book is upon the Church. His anxious, earnest effort, carried throughout his volume, is to exhibit the work of the Church of England in the United States. He represents that Church in its infancy, struggling first against apathy from home, then against infidelity at home, then against the elements of the revolutions of the time; then in its prosperity, prosperous in its new Prayer-Book, then enunciating its features of brotherhood with the Churches of England and of Scotland. But what is his conclusion? "The Bible," he says, "sanctions slavery, and the social state of many thousand souls upholds it." May be, Dr. Caswall! but you have been writing for Episcopal succession, for a Church by tradition, for a prayer-book, grounded upon principles which deny it root and branch.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.*

THE first thought which obtrudes itself on laying down this book is the marvellous facility which the author must have acquired in the production of historical romance. Labour, or industrious research, or the art which conceals art—none of these are to be found, nor will their existence be suspected. Words flow, and sentences run on; and after the lapse of a certain number of hours, not entirely without a sense of enjoyment, the reader arrives at the last page very much under the impression that there is no particular reason why there should not have been thirty volumes as well as three. We do not wish to use the word in an offensive sense, but there is a sense of *imposture* about such books. We cannot help feeling that we are being tricked by a literary juggler. Such a story as the *Constable of the Tower* is not history, nor is it a romance founded upon history. It rather consists of extracts from historical records, interlarded with scenes and passages inartistic and improbable. It is

* *The American Church and the American Union*. By Henry Caswall, M.A., D.D., of Trinity College, Connecticut. (Saunders and Oiley.)

* *The Constable of the Tower: an Historical Romance*. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. 3 Vols. (Chapman and Hall.)

history mutilated for purposes of melodrama. And yet there is an air, a tone, and a manner about it which may deceive the majority of readers, and impose on some credulous critics. The historical novel is usually a stately affair, but there is a difference between being stately and being stiff. Mr. Ainsworth is only the latter. There is a real dignity, and there is an awkward affectation of it. It was agile, and perhaps affectionate, in the poodle to leap into his mistress's lap. The donkey, who in a well-intentioned manner attempted the same feat, was spurned as clumsy and ill-mannered. After reading Scott's historical novels, and Bulwer Lytton's, which, despite all the praises lavished on *Rienzi* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*, are vastly inferior to Scott's, there is, we repeat, a sense of suffering from imposture in reading Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. It is not the genuine article. We are reminded of chalk in our milk, chicory in our coffee, sand in our sugar, *ordinaire* palmed on us as Lafitte or Château Margaux. A tub of cold water with a large lump of rock-salt in it may be a very healthy matutinal bath, but it would require a fine feat of the imagination to make us believe that we were swimming in the sea. Women and children may not recognize the difference in quality between South African sherry and the best Amontillado. Women and children may read Mr. Harrison Ainsworth with as much gusto as they read Sir Walter Scott. We cannot. It is perhaps unfortunate to be fastidious, but if one is so, it is only honest to admit it; and Mr. Ainsworth may be induced, perhaps, to tax his powers to produce a more genuine article, when he finds that there are some palates which can detect adulteration.

We can imagine that this work would gratify that large class of readers who pore in garrets and kitchens over the pages of the *Family Herald* and the *London Journal*. And even if the view of history in it be, as we think it is, meagre and conventional, they would learn more from its pages than they can from the portrayal of contemporaneous wicked old Marquises, reckless young earls, and aspiring governesses who succeed in captivating wealthy patricians. They would find the same pleasure in contemplating the crimes and the weaknesses of those in high places. They would be sufficiently convinced, without being sent to the pages of Mr. Froude, or to the archives of the State Paper Office, that Henry VIII. was a truculent tyrant, who murdered his wives after the most approved Bluebeard fashion; that the head of no subject of his, noble, gentle, or simple, was safe, if that sanguinary despot conceived a sudden dislike to him; and that the magnates of the day were the most rapacious, intriguing, jealous, caballing, turbulent crew that ever disgraced even a Court. Pinnock's Goldsmith is probably the foundation of the information of the majority of unintellectual readers on the merits and demerits of Henry VIII.; and the Pinnock-Goldsmith view, exhibited in a melodramatic form, with all the vulgarity and exaggeration of bad melodrama, is very well suited for the rapacious appetite of the mass of indiscriminating novel-readers. We should think that an historical drama by Mr. Charles Kean, called *Henry VIII.*, would much resemble Mr. Ainsworth's ambitious attempt at historical romance. Everybody, as here, could walk on stilts, and talk through speaking-trumpets; and the upholstery might be on the most colossal scale of grandeur.

The story is called *The High Constable of the Tower*. It might have been quite as appropriately named "Intrigue and Marriage." "Love Passages in the Girlhood of Queen Eli-

zabeth," "History spoiled for women and children," or "The Tudors at home." Elizabeth at the age of fourteen was doubtless very precocious; but Mr. Ainsworth, without actually endorsing the terrible scandal to be found in Lingard's history, in Miss Strickland's memoirs, and in the elaborate article in the *Quarterly Review* where her moral character is so seriously damaged, makes her anything but coy, though she flirts with the combined warmth of seventeen and the dignity of fifty. Edward VI., as a boy, talks theology like a prelate or a professor, and indeed the characters converse in a high-flown unnatural way throughout the three volumes.

PROFESSOR GROTE ON CRITICISM.*

"Of all cants in this canting world," said Sterne, "deliver me from the cant of criticism." We have before us the latest protest against this "cant of criticism," from a person holding no less important an office than that of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, and directed against no less influential a journal than the critical *Ishmaelite* of our day. Professor Grote has felt it his duty to come forward as the champion of that versatile philosopher, the present Master of Trinity, and defend his reputation against an article which appeared in the *Saturday Review* upon Dr. Whewell's *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*. Inclination does not lead, and literary etiquette does not permit, us to enter into the justice or otherwise of Mr. Grote's complaint. We have elsewhere in our columns of to-day, expressed our own opinion of Dr. Whewell's last literary performance. But in his reply to our contemporary, the learned Professor has embodied various remarks of a highly suggestive character upon criticism generally, what it is, and what it should be. We propose to discuss one or two points which he has raised, and do not doubt that such a discussion, conducted with all possible brevity, will prove useful to us who write reviews, and not altogether without advantage either to those who read them, or to the more limited class who are the occasion of their being written.

We shall not follow Mr. Grote's order, because, to say the truth, it has the merits neither of logic nor convenience. The first point to be considered is one which the Professor has thrust into what he styles an "egotistical digression." "In respect of notices of this kind," he says, "I cannot help asking myself who it is they are written for, and wondering who it is. Is it for people who do know the book criticized, or who do not know it?" This is indeed a fundamental question, and one which must be answered before we can advance further in the discussion of the functions and uses of criticism. And here we must observe, that Mr. Grote scarcely seems to comprehend the breadth of the question he has raised. He supposes, apparently, that a review is written for one of two classes, either those who have, or those who have not, read the book under notice. But surely this does not exhaust the matter. May not a review be written both for those who know, and those who do not know, the book criticized? To our thinking, this is a much more correct way of stating it, than the imaginary dilemma propounded by Mr. Grote. It is possible indeed, and not altogether uncommon, to write a criticism in such a manner that it possesses no interest and little value

to anybody who has not read the book—a criticism which pre-supposes in all who peruse it, a knowledge of the contents of the book criticized. This, however, is a commentary without a text for the majority of readers of a critical journal. By far the greater portion of those who read any given review-article have not read the book, and their aim in devoting time to the article is to get to know something about the subject. As it seems to us, the reviewer should endeavour, so far as the nature of the book makes it at all practicable, to criticize it both for those who have read it, and those who have not. That is to say, he will reproduce enough of the contents to show what they are to the latter, and he will add a sufficient quantity of comment to interest and improve the former. Even those who have read a book, will not be sorry to go over it once more in the shape of a careful analysis, or compact *résumé*. We confess, as we have many a time and oft discovered, that there is frequently a great difficulty in writing a review of this twofold character, that shall be at once expository and critical. There are many books which do not admit of it, but at the same time it is our strong conviction that this should be the original conception in the reviewer's mind, of the work which he has to perform.

Mr. Grote then changes the aspect of the question by asking what better will a person who does know the subject be, "for having in support or in controversion of his own opinion, that of somebody whom he knows nothing about, and who gives nothing to judge of himself by." But does Mr. Grote know any reviewer who has such a talent for obscuring himself in a fog of his own making, that the reader is unable to discern what manner of man he is? Surely every reader of ordinary penetration, every one who is competent to criticize a critic, will find no difficulty in piercing through the veil of *We-dom* and anonymity, and seeing almost before he has got through half-a-dozen sentences, whether the opinion before him is or is not that of a man whom he would be disposed to value as a supporter on the one hand, or an opponent on the other, of his own views. A person, on the contrary, who is not competent to form an opinion on the subject-matter of the book, will at least be made aware that such and such questions, such and such differences do exist, and it is a great advance in knowledge, to learn even the existence of controversies in literature, science, and philosophy. Any one, for instance, who may be unable to translate Plato, or who may be entirely ignorant of the scope of his teaching, will be improved by being informed of the mere fact that two contrary theories are held as to nature of what has been called 'the Sophistical teaching,' that some hold the Sophists to have been a distinct school, while others believe that by Sophistical teaching is meant "the regular, habitual manner of thought and teaching in all times, ours as well as theirs."

We by no means object to Mr. Grote's view of the attitude in which the reader should stand towards the critic, whether or not he knows the book criticized, whether or not he is competent to form an opinion on the subject-matter of the criticism. We cannot but congratulate the University of Cambridge on having for her Professor of Moral Philosophy, one who is so anxious that the critical spirit, the unceasing desire to analyse and test, from which many persons apprehend serious harm to existing beliefs and institutions, should be carried to its extreme limit, and attack what has hitherto been considered sacred, the very domain of criticism itself. It will be well for our English education when this principle of the

* A Few Words on Criticism. By John Grote, B.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. 1s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

wide rights of criticism in all subjects has become the guiding rule of English universities. This, however, by the way. Mr. Grote wishes the common reader "to think a little more worthily of himself and his mind;" "as he goes along, to criticize the critic, instead of resting in the manner and the tone (or, in other words, letting the tone of his mind follow that of the writer);" to consider "this article, to me, is either *not* worth reading, or else it is worth examining and thinking about." We are disposed entirely to concur with the author in this view. We believe that there is no worse sign of the times, than the way in which reviews, whether of books, of men, or of passing events, are accepted by the reading public; they are taken in, as water is taken in by a sponge. The result of such an absorbent, unquestioning habit of mind, cannot but be fraught with evil to the intellect and general progress of the country. From the servant girl who gets her view of life and society from the *London Journal*, up to the legislator who embraces the opinions of his favourite newspaper, the whole reading world seems to be becoming the slave of the press. The power of forming independent opinions will decline just as the habit declines; and when a nation has ceased to encourage this formation of individual views, we may be well assured that its utter stagnation is not very far off. By that strange and inevitable law of reaction everywhere dominant in the world and the world's affairs, that ceaseless alternation of ebb and flow, that struggling to gain an object, followed instantaneously by an equally ardent strife to leave that for some other, we find that the goal which some sanguine patriots supposed would terminate the race for freedom—the Liberty of the Press—is, after all, itself the starting-point for a fresh and yet more arduous course. We no sooner arrive in the Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey, than we discover to our surprise and mortification that the milk is becoming sour, and the honey turning bitter. We have fought a hard but successful battle for the freedom of the press as against political tyranny. It remains to take vigilant care lest individuality be enslaved by the sovereign whose triumph she has secured over a common enemy. If Mr. Grote had pointed out all this with more distinctness, and enforced his points with more abundant illustrations, he would have done a most substantial service both to literary criticism, and to every other department of the same art. It is impossible to encourage the critical spirit too strongly. It is impossible to condemn too vehemently the practice of living with other people's minds—of clothing our own minds in the second-hand garments of others. Of course, until the world gets a great deal wiser than it is now, or even seems likely to be, it is expedient that all, who from some cause or other are unable to be their own leaders, should choose wise and strong men to perform the office for them.

And this in short is the principal function of the critic properly so called—to indicate, rather than to lead the way. The object of all writing should be in one form or another to stimulate thought in those who read; and the critic has scarcely room to do this except by pointing out briefly the various opinions which may be held on a given subject, and so opening up the ground for discussion in the reader's mind. "Discussion is the cracking of the nut to get at the kernel," the critic gives the nut a preliminary squeeze, so as to facilitate the operations of the "common reader." The reviewer's part is to extract from the book under notice, what is its real gist; to suggest diversity of opinion, whilst clearly enunciating his own;

and to sow the seed of future thought. As Mr. Grote well observes, "the end of criticism is to bring out and set in its clearest light the truth." The corner-stone of every system of literary criticism is the recognition of the principle, that it ought to affect in various measures, the writer of the book, the writer of the criticism, and the reader either of the book or the criticism; it ought to be an instrument for correcting or encouraging the first, a means of self-education for the second, and a stimulus to thought and discussion in the last.

There is one other topic upon which we would speak, before closing these fragmentary remarks. Mr. Grote, we are glad to find, approves of the anonymity of critics. We have observed that the growing tendency of modern literature is to do away with the privacy in which the reviewer has hitherto for the most part been allowed to perform his invidious task. The stupid insolence of that schoolboy satirist, Mr. Alfred Austin, whose last production is now lying before us, is chiefly tolerated because it gratifies the curiosity to know somewhat of the *personnel* of the different critical journals. For similar reasons, the "Table-Talk" and "Town-Talk," and "Pall-Mall Gossip," and the various other forms of personal tittle-tattling about literary men and their writings and doings, are considered essential to all popular periodicals. We need not here repeat the numerous arguments in favour of preserving the anonymity of reviewers. They have been reiterated again and again within the last few years, and we may rest assured that it will not survive after its evils out-number its advantages. We shall revert to this subject at no distant time. Some sort of re-organization of the literary system is felt to be at hand, and the method and principles of criticism will not be left unchanged.

POETRY.

Rosellan's Daughter. A Tragedy in Three Acts. By John McGilchrist. (Edinburgh, Nimmo: London, Houlston and Wright.) "The idea of this Drama is derived from an indifferent tale of the same name." (*Extract from author's prefatory note.*) To sit down in cold blood to the perusal of a modern three-act tragedy is an undertaking that requires, under the most favourable circumstances, some little nerve; but when essayed in the face of an announcement so significant as the above, it becomes doubly formidable. We are not, however, easily disheartened. We mentally ran over the numerous accredited instances where great results had accrued from small beginnings:—the legion of embryo Lord Mayors who had made their start in life with half-a-crown—the stereotyped two and sixpence, never more or less—in the pockets of their corderoys; the palatial superstructures of Fiction that have been successfully raised upon the flimsiest foundations of fact; and the reputations, political, literary, scientific, and dramatic, that have sprung absolutely from nothing. We fortified ourselves with the assurance of the philosophic Ingoldsby:—

"Whate'er the opinion of Horace and some be,
Your *Aquila* sometimes do generate *Columba*."

We bethought ourselves of the enviable lot of the classical gentleman *qui nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*; and casting aside all unpleasant reminiscences of Dante's inscription of all-work, prepared ourselves manfully for our task. "Faint heart never won fair lady," much less got through a three-act tragedy—so we will take Mrs. Chick's advice, and "make an effort." Act I. scene 1: Enter an individual, supposed to be Sir Thomas Courteney, but really the son of Bertha, a gipsy, changed in the cradle. (N.B. Accidents of this kind, it is well known, *did* occasionally happen in the best regulated

families during the middle ages.) Sir Thomas is "a discarded suitor" of Miss Matilda Rollo, and hence indulges in some exceedingly strong language against his successful rival, Sir George Douglas informing the audience that he (Sir Thomas Courteney) is—

"Like famished tiger in a jungle lair;"

and further, that he waits

"For Love's reward, and Love's revenge,
Love and Revenge—the mind's antipodes," &c.

Enter Bertha, Sir Thomas's foster-mother, (who is also, by one of those curious coincidences that occur in tragedies, lady's-maid to Matilda,) and the pair concoct a neat little scheme for carrying off the fair one. We append a specimen of their conversation:

Sir Thomas. I knew not that before.

Bertha. My story is not long.

Sir Thomas. Nay then, for Heaven's sake, keep it short, good Bertha.

But tell it.

Bertha. There is not much to tell, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Thanks for the brevity of the preface, witch. Go on, but be thou court unto a Courteney.

Bertha (*chucking him under the chin*). O ye were a pretty boy, Sir Thomas—a pretty little boy!

Sir Thomas. A pretty boy was I?

Oh would to heaven that still I was a boy!

What boots it whether pretty boy or no—

A boy in mind, in innocence, in feeling,

A boy that loved a ragged coat, and chased

A butterfly withal.

It is worthy of remark that throughout this drama the humbler actors, who consist mainly of foster-mothers, freebooters, and foresters, express themselves in much more grammatical English than their feudal superiors. This anomaly, however, may possibly be accounted for by the fact that the former employ ordinary prose as the medium of conversation; while the others, in compliance with the well-known usages of the period, never descend below the level of heroic blank verse. It is true that the author at times appears to have experienced some difficulty in adapting his ideas to the number of feet conventionally allowed to this metre. We have evidence of this in the frequent employment of a poetical artifice somewhat akin to that by which in our school-boy days we were accustomed to swell a defective Greek Iambic to its legitimate proportions by the gratuitous infusion of a few of those convenient particles *μὴν*, *δὲ*, *οἶ*, &c. Ha! either as an interjection or an interrogative, is evidently a favourite stop-gap with Mr. McGilchrist. We have taken the trouble to collate a few passages in which this emphatic monosyllable is thus realized.

"Is he not noble, handsome, rich, and young—*ha*?" (p. 39.)

"But sure 'tis time our guest were here—*ha*, so?" (p. 40.)

"Now try if thou canst smile, Matilda—*ha*." (p. 40.)

"And specially to this fair inmate—*ha*." (p. 41.)

"For thou hast travelled fast; I'll lead thee—*ha*." (p. 43.)

Pretty fair for five consecutive pages. Again, a little further on:—

"Art safe, girl—*ha*?" (p. 71.)

"Promise to smile, girl—*ha*." (p. 87.)

"Sir George will soon be here. We'll feast high—*ha*." (p. 88.)

"What can this mean—*ha*?" (p. 134.)

"We can confront thee with one of them—*ha*." (p. 134.)

"Get thee with in, girl—*ha*." (p. 135,) &c.

It has just, however, occurred to us that the frequent employment of this terse monosyllable may admit of an explanation more complimentary to our author's poetical genius. Instead of being, as we have assumed, an ingenious device to meet the exigencies of rhythm, may it not possibly supply a convincing proof of our author's intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the period? Our *dramatis personæ* flourished *temp.* James V., consequently considerably anterior to the dissolution of the monasteries. Now, we know from contemporary historians that the feudal lords were occasionally in the habit of partaking of the hospitality of the religious houses. There is nothing, therefore, unreasonable in the assumption that at these festive meetings the nobility and gentry may have learned from these monastic *convives* the cry of "ha, ha—ha, ha," with which the latter, as it is well known, were wont to "shake the olden walls" on certain convivial occasions. To this theory, however, it may be very plausibly objected, that had the aristocracy of the period enjoyed any such close

intimacy with the clergy, they certainly would not have been in the habit of making such promiscuous use of the very strong expletives and anathemas which our author puts into the mouths of his principal characters. We do not wish to be hypercritical, and therefore are willing to overlook such expressions as "By Beelzebub" (*passim*), "By my thwaksins" (p. 29),—unless, indeed, the latter means something very wicked, for we confess it to be beyond our fathom;—but the frequency of the allusions made by the several *dramatis personæ* to another and warmer world would be unpardonable even in one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and is certainly unbecoming in a modern Scotch tragedian. But this is a digression. To return to our plot. Scene 2 introduces us to Matilda and her lover, Baldwin, who passes as "a yeoman archer," but who is the real Sir Thomas Courteney; and although unaware of the secret of his birth, talks blank verse, we presume, by the divine right of "blue blood," previously alluded to. The business of the piece progresses but slowly until Act II., where we have a family party, consisting of Sir Gilbert and Lady Rollo, Matilda, their daughter, and Sir George Douglas, the bridegroom selected by the young lady's parents, who are, however, of course in the dark respecting the "yeoman archer" bye-play. We have here a curious illustration of the manners and customs of our ancestors with respect to the conduct of their love affairs. The bridegroom elected has just been introduced, and is forthwith addressed by the *pauilo-post-futurus* father-in-law:—

"Sir George, we feast to night, we feast!
(Mark the aldermanic delight expressed in the repetition.)

"Thou shalt have ample time to play the lover,
When full of venison and royal sack."
(Leading him out.)

Truly a pleasant prospect for the expectant bride, who has probably dined in the middle of the day! In Scene 3, the abduction planned between the pseudo-Sir Charles and Bertha is attempted; but, of course, is prevented by the timely interposition of the ubiquitous Baldwin. We now begin to have an inkling that the real tragic blue-fire and broadsword business is about to commence, with the appropriate accompaniment of—

Matilda. Help, Bertha, help!
Baldwin. Who calls for help—'tis come!
Stand off, or I will slay thee!
Matilda. Help!

Sir Thomas. Have at thee, knave!
Baldwin. He dies who comes on first!

Sir Thomas. The horses and away!

Love-passages between Matilda and Baldwin, in the general confusion, interrupted by the anxious parent with

"Art safe, girl, ha?"

Delinquents try to look as if they hadn't been nearly caught. Scene closes. Act III. is opened by Bertha with "a kind of chant." The author is evidently proud of this his only attempt at rhyme, for he introduces it *in extenso* on three distinct occasions. Here follows a good deal of prosy dialogue, the upshot of which is that Bertha, in order to aid her son in his designs upon Matilda, prepares for Baldwin a poisoned draught, which the other drinks. (N.B. The wrong man invariably drinks the poison in tragedies.) The principal ruffian in the piece having been thus satisfactorily disposed of, the road becomes easier for both author and reader. Bertha, in a fit of remorse, communicates the secret of his birth to Baldwin, who, as a matter of course, forthwith unpacks his flute and proceeds to regale the Lady Matilda with a serenade. He is caught *flagrante delicto* by the indignant "parent" and the no less indignant bridegroom elect, and a regular commotion ensues. Baldwin is heroically off-hand and supercilious; Matilda all agony and protestation; the outwitted papa and the Scotch lover as savage as a pair of gorillas; while Bertha is busy in the background singing a chorus of "Wail, wail, wail!" apparently all for her own amusement. Here's the grand finale:—

Sir George (to Baldwin). By hell! I tell thee, fellow, if thou dar'st
To address another word to this fair lady,
Or even to cast thy callid eyes on her,
Thou diest on the spot.

(His rhythm is somewhat irregular; but he was probably excited.)

Baldwin (with a rapt air). Fool, love defies e'en death.
(He gazes passionately at Matilda.)
Sir George. Then, for thy presumption die.
(He runs Baldwin through the body.)

Baldwin. My sight grows dim; I cannot see thee now.
Matilda, where art thou? My love receive
my last— (He dies.)

Forester (looking keenly at him). Dead! dead!
(Matilda falls upon his body.)

Bertha. Oh, wail, wail, wail!
Curtain falls!!!

And to call this a tragedy, with three of the principal characters, to say nothing of freebooters and foresters, unskilled! Why, we have seen at Greenwich Fair a much stronger cast knocked on the head, to a man, in half the time—nearly as much Queen's English murdered, and a very considerable amount of blue-fire,—for a third of the money. We must not forget to state, by the way, that "this tragedy cannot be represented without the author's written consent."

SHORT NOTICES.

My Heart's in the Highlands. By the Author of *Nut-Brown Maids*. (Parker, Son, and Bourn.) For the blasé novel-reader the volume before us will possess but few attractions. It has nothing in common with the "sensational" literature of the modern age of fiction—no cunningly interwoven plots, no stirring incidents, no startling contrasts of character;—it cannot even lay claim to the dignity of a "purpose." In short, the whole story is remarkable for the absence of those highly-spiced condiments wherewith our literary *chefs de cuisine* are wont to titillate the palates of their patrons. We frankly, therefore, advise those who are accustomed to regard these qualities as essential to a work of fiction, to seek elsewhere a more congenial source of entertainment; but for that limited class of readers who can find pleasure in a simple story simply told, this unpretending little volume, *malgré* its somewhat unpromising title-page, will possess a charm of a peculiar character. As we peruse it we cannot fail being struck by the exquisite glimpses of Nature, and the healthy freshness of tone and feeling, that pervade almost every page. So faithfully and vividly, indeed, are these accessories delineated, that at times the brilliancy of the background seems to distract the attention from the central figures of the picture. The story, nevertheless, is beautifully and touchingly told, but its interest is so indissolubly bound up with the genial style and tone of the narratives, as to forbid any attempt at analysis, without injustice to the author. It is sufficient for our purpose, however, to say that the whole plot turns on the moral change that is gradually wrought in the nature of Mary Aldour, the heroine. This character is of a strangely composite order. In no single place does the author present us with a full-length portrait, but the faint outline sketched in the first few pages is gradually filled in with light and shade as the story progresses. Every successive chapter develops some new and unexpected, yet ever-consistent trait: detail is added to detail, until we close the volume with the feeling that the picture has scarcely received its finishing touch with the last words. There can be little doubt, however, the majority of readers will regard the author's graphic power of description as constituting one of the principal charms of the story. The following passages, selected hap-hazard from the volume, will sufficiently illustrate the picturesque force and vigour of the style:—

"Glen Aldour was a flowery sylvan glen, with meadows by the loch, and the stream and its hills opening into sheltered recesses and fairy corries. Great wealth of creamy meadowsweet grew below, and above wild roses, bluebells, foxgloves in their seasons, and especially yellow flowers—gay as jonquil ribbons—lady's-bedstraw a foot in flower, potentillas, an orange-tufted star, and a pale straw-coloured dragon-fly, with blue, lilac, and white milkwort, met the purple heather. The hills had possessed much natural wood where 'Low down' was in the broom, and they still retained what they had originally owned of stripes of olive oak coppice, and plantations of silvery birks, stray mountain ashes, and old thorns, while the lairds had improved their opportunities of introducing birches and planes into their

plantations. The detached fields, planted on terraces, were flourishing with creditable oats and bear—the very brown huts were burrowing together in sheltered nooks cothly and cozily, with poppling water and drooping branches, and free hills on every side of them."

"The two characteristics of the mountains are their freshness and their stillness. Call them not always sublime, when they are sometimes simply what Pittfadden's wife denominated them, and what Dr. Johnson found them—dreary. Call them not uniformly picturesque, when they are often signally monotonous. Here and there every charm may meet—vast and savage traits combined with rich defiles, and soft vales, sun-tinted woods, and waters glad even in the rage of their cataracts, and encircled with the halo of their rainbows. But always—always when you are out on the bleakest heath, such a moor as lay behind Charlotte Brontë's Haworth, and the highest hummock of a mountain—grant to the Highlands the freshness and the stillness of their creation, that which brings thousands of those who know nothing of art, and less than nothing of nature, from the swarms of cities to bathe instinctively in their Jordan, and come forth with the material part of their being renewed like that 'of a little child's.' To the pure and the strong little more than this freshness and stillness is wanted there for great delight; the pure sing when they feel a Sabbath rest around them; the strong sing when they are conscious of being alone with the God of the universe, with that universe, and with their own immortal existence."

"The mountains were covered with a pall, black with a troubled, frowning blackness, such as only sweeps down in awe and majesty on the hills. Sometimes this pall was swayed by the wind and rent apart, disclosing dripping, steaming, giant figures, like wraths of the sons of Fingal—the clear brown and green hills of yesterday. At the edge, it was fringed with a white watery vapour, contrasting with the inky hue of the centre of the shape—a shape it was—a cloud-shape vast and tremendous, as the angel with the drawn sword over the city of Jerusalem might have looked to the terrified subjects of the sinful king. Mary sat and studied it as she gazed on the swollen stream, 'roaring and rearing,' and rushing along towards the mountain barriers—the gates of the Highlands, to the fertile Lowland vales and populous towns, and to the great sea."

Christian Vestiges of Creation. By William Sewell, D.D. (J. H. and Jas. Parker.) This is a book to which we feel inclined to attach a very high degree of value. It is most creditable to the author, and fully calculated to enhance the reputation he enjoys. He has been a deep student of the *Analogy*, and the line of reasoning throughout is founded on that adopted by Bishop Butler. Of late some tendency has been manifested to sneer at the *Analogy*, on the ground that it is wanting in originality; we do not profess to determine the exact worth of the objection, supposing it to stand, but we are sure that there is no work which affords more valuable discipline to the intellectual powers, and none which is more consolatory and elevating in its effect. It is certainly no sign of the decaying influence of Bishop Butler that this elaborate abstract treatise has just appeared, following reverentially in his footsteps, and indicating the value of his method. In his preface Dr. Sewell has some valuable remarks on the possible dangers that may accompany reasoning from analogy. Dr. Sewell only speaks of the theological, and not at all of the logical difficulties involved in such arguments. Those who wish for a full exposition of the nature of the argument from analogy cannot do better than refer to Mr. Mill's remarks in the second volume of his *System of Logic*. In reference to the subject of originality, Dr. Sewell's remarks on contrivance do not possess this merit; a part reads almost like a translation of a celebrated passage in the *Memorabilia*. The remarks on the *a priori* possibility of miracles ought to be read in connection with the late Professor Baden Powell's notorious essay. The application of the argument from analogy to the doctrine of the Trinity is full of interest, and shows remarkable aptitude in this mode of thought. Throughout Dr. Sewell entirely subordinates this intellectual process to revelation, conceiving that otherwise he will be admitting the fundamental principles of rationalism. He considers that philosophy is both a weapon and an ornament, but that to make philosophy primary and not secondary, essential and not supplemental, is "as fatal to our souls as it is contrary to sound logic and true reason." The following sentence conveys a notion of the leading idea of the work. "Unity can produce nothing. Unity in plurality, and plurality in unity, is the germ of all we see. May it not once more lead us up to the same mystery and the same law in the one Great Cause of all, the one Great Author of the Church, from whom it draws its life and being, its Creator, its Saviour, its vivifying Spirit, three Persons in one God, one God in Three Persons?" But we advise our readers to master the whole argument for themselves.

We have received the following Pamphlets:—*The Rise of the Swiss Confederation* (Stanhope Prize Essay); *A Reply to the Letter, "The Suppression of Doubt is not Faith;" Plane Trigonometry* (J. H. and J. Parker); *Further Revision of the Liturgy; Amendments in the Book of Common Prayer* (Hamilton, Adams & Co.); *Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian* (Simpkin and Marshall); *A Letter to the Right Hon. T. M. Gibson, M.P., by George Robert Stephenson, on the Excessive Speed of Railway Trains* (Clay); *On the Early History of America* (Parker, Son, and Bourn); *Police Torture and Murder in Bengal* (Calcutta).

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Almard (G.), *Border Rifles, a Tale of the Texan War*, 12mo 2s. Ward and Lock.
 Awas-i-Hind, or a Voice from the Ganges, being a Solution of the True Source of Christianity, post 8vo, 5s. Manwaring.
 Beaumont (E. A.), *Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines*, 2 vols. 8vo, 52s.
 Bowman (Hetty), *Life, its Duties and Discipline*, third edition, 18mo, 1s. 6d. Book Society.
 Bradshaw's Guide through London and its Environs, new edition, square 16mo, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. Adams.
 Bridges (F.), *Phrenology made Practical and Practically Explained*, second edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Philip.
 Buchanan (W. M.), *Technological Dictionary*, fourth edition, 18mo, 4s. 6d. Tegg.
 Carter (Thos.), *Medals of the British Army*, division II, Egypt, &c., 8vo, 7s. 6d. Groombridge.
 Caesar, De Bello Gallico, Notes by J. R. Major, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Tegg.
 Chambers's Journal, vol. xv., royal 8vo, 4s. 6d.
 Cicero on Old Age and Friendship, translated by M'Kay, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
 Cook (T.), *Scottish Tourist's Official Directory*, 8vo, 2s. Tweedie.
 De Vere (Aubrey), *The Sisters, Innisfall, and other Poems*, 12mo, 5s. Longman.
 Greenwood (T.), *Cathedra Petri: Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate*, vol. IV., 8vo, 14s. Thickbroom.
 Guizot (F.), *Memoirs to Illustrate the History of my Time*, vol. IV., 8vo, 14s. Bentley.
 Guy (Joseph), *New British Expositor*, new edition, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
 Hume (M. C.), *Twelve Obscure Texts of Scripture Illustrated according to the Spiritual Sense*, 12mo, 5s. Manwaring.
 Illustrated London News, vol. xxxviii., folio, 18s.
 Johnson (T.), *Greek Epigrams*, new edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. E. Williams.
 Kitchin (F. W.), *Twenty-four Views of the Vegetation of Coasts and Islands of the Pacific*, 4to, 42s.
 Knight (Miss Cornelia), *Autobiography and Correspondence*, second edition, 2 vols., 8vo, 24s. Allen.
 Law (H.), *Christ is All, Exodus*, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Wertheim.
 Lea (W.), *Tables of Strength and Deflection of Timber*, second edition, post 8vo, 5s. Weale.
 Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland, 12mo, 7s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.
 McCulloch (J. M.), *Course of Elementary Reading*, 12mo, 3s. Simpkin.
 Metcalfe (Rev. F.), *Oxonian in Iceland, Notes of Travel*, post 8vo, 12s. 6d. Longman.
 Railway Library: Grant (Jas.), *Hollywood Hall*, 12mo, 2s.
 Rowe's Auction Lot Book, Nos. 5 and 6, new edition, 1s. each. Simpkin.
 Run and Read Library: *Richard's Life in Judea*, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
 Saxby (S. M.), *Projection and Calculation of the Sphere*, for Young Sea Officers, post 8vo, 5s. Longman.
 Smith (S.), *The Revelation, with a Short, Plain, Continuous Exposition*, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Ridgway.
 Whately (Archbishop), *Charge 1861: Danger from Within*, 8vo, 1s. Parker and Son.
 Wright (M.), *Greek and English Lexicon*, twelfth edition, 18mo, 4s. 6d. Tegg.

THE GORILLA CONTROVERSY.

To the great majority, even of those whose tastes and studies enable them to take an enlightened interest in discussion, few things can well be more bewildering than a literary controversy. It is to most people what an intricate law case would be to a common jury, were they forced to decide on its merits without the benefit of the judge's summing up. Each side is certain to have its uncompromising defenders, its vehement assailants; and even those who hold themselves aloof from the controversy, are claimed as partisans by one or other of the belligerents. In this real or seeming conflict of

testimony the public at length gets mystified—comes most likely to the conclusion "that there is much to be said on both sides." Months, possibly years after, when all general interest in the discussion has died out, some further discovery, some confession, some new exploration, reveals on which side of the quarrel truth and fact actually lay. The "Gorilla warfare" promises to be no exception to a rule which was well illustrated in the case of the Ireland Forgeries, and in a yet more recent "Shakespeare Controversy." Although, after a careful and unbiased perusal of the whole mass of published evidence, we cannot find that a single one of Dr. Gray's arguments against the credibility of M. Du Chaillu's statements has been either disproved or even partially upset; it is equally certain that the discomfiture of our "traveller" has been by no means so complete as on logical and scientific grounds it ought to have been; and that the learned Keeper of the Zoological Department in the British Museum has, outside of the scientific circle, earned for the present little beyond hard words, unfair insinuations, and rough banter, in return for his zeal in the defence of truth and his favourite science, against what he felt to be a bold imposture. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that M. Du Chaillu's disgusting outrage upon an inoffensive man of science, has lowered him in the general estimation of the public, far more than all the learned Doctor's arguments against the credibility of his narrative. *Populus vult decipi*. People like to be amused, and are not too ready to thank those who reason with them on their folly; but to have your face spat upon—that is a contingency we are not prepared to countenance.

For the present, then, and until some reliable traveller has brought home to us unmistakeable evidence as to the truth or falsity of M. Du Chaillu's wonderful stories, the controversy must be looked upon as suspended; and we therefore leave it for the present, with a summary of the main arguments which have been adduced against the credibility of M. Du Chaillu's "traveller's tales," and a statement of the manner in which those arguments have been met, or, as in most instances, have been shirked.

In the first place, M. Du Chaillu's work is obviously and notoriously not the production of his own pen; and we think at the very outset he is chargeable with want of candour in not having stated this fact fully and frankly in his preface. The compilation is that of a writer well acquainted with our language, and who has the faculty of putting a story together in forcible and nervous English; while M. Du Chaillu, as every one must admit who has heard him speak, is incapable of framing a single sentence with either grammatical or verbal accuracy; in fact, the vicarious authorship is admitted by M. Du Chaillu's staunchest supporters. So much for the composition of the book itself. In the second place, as we have before pointed out, the dates throughout M. Du Chaillu's volume are in inextricable confusion and contradiction. So ably was this fact urged by an acute correspondent of the *Athenæum* and *Morning Advertiser*, that M. Du Chaillu felt himself driven to make some kind of explanation or defence on this head. The defence, strangely enough, consisted in at once admitting the absolute or apparent falsity of the dates as they appeared in the volume, but at the same time in finding an excuse for this glaring delinquency by declaring that the deception was practised in order to maintain the geographical sequence of the narrative. In his original account, he had expressly stated

that his first journey of exploration was to the Muni, a river north of the Equator, which he ascended until he reached the range of the Sierra del Crystal; that, passing on, he arrived at the Fan country, about 150 miles from the coast; that he then returned to the Gaboon, taking in his way the river Moondah; his next journey being to Cape Lopez, south of the Equator; and his last and principal one, still further south, into the Camma country. On its being demonstrated that M. Du Chaillu had described the proceedings of four months of July in three years and one month, (as the whole of the explorations described in the volume extended only from January, 1856, to February, 1859,) he after a pause of three weeks published a new preface to his volume, in which he endeavoured to explain away the various contradictions in his dates by the bold assertion that he was all along aware of their inaccuracy, and that he had purposely made them so in order to save his readers trouble. He knew, he said, that he had given his account of the northern journey to Muni as occurring first, although the Cape Lopez journey was really the first in point of time, and the Muni river journey the second. He admitted that in his book he had expressly stated that he proceeded "first on an exploration to the river Muni" (p. 24); while in his new preface, written for the purpose of explaining his dates, he states, "my southern journey to Cape Lopez was in reality the first." What is it possible to think of a man who puts forward two such absolutely opposite statements, and who is afraid or unwilling to clear himself by the one means in his power, supposing his honesty—the production of his *original Diaries*, from which he says his narrative was drawn; the entries in which would of course show whether the Muni or the Cape Lopez journey was the earliest. In his endeavour to amend his dates, then, we must conclude that so far from establishing his innocence, he has only furnished new grounds for mistrust and scepticism; and although his friends seem to think his explanation sufficient, one is still apt to ask, how is it possible to be sure that the rest of the narrative is not equally fallacious with that portion which is now admitted to have been intentionally so.

Another point urged by Dr. Gray against M. Du Chaillu, is his dishonesty with regard to the illustrations contained in the volume; a fact which M. Du Chaillu himself has been most reluctantly forced to admit. The large drawing of the Gorilla, facing the title-page, and the engraving of the young gorilla, are mere copies from M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire's Paper, published in the *Archives du Muséum* for 1858. The young *nshiego mbouwé* (p. 232), which he claimed as a new animal discovered by himself, is now admitted to be the copy of a photograph of a young chimpanzee in the Jardin des Plantes, likewise engraved by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in the Paper above referred to! This plate, simply reversed in copying, is reproduced at p. 359. The best-executed plate in the book, the *Anomalurus Beldeni*, p. 454, is an exact copy, trees, leaves, and all, of a drawing of a different animal and of a different species, published in the proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1852. Were not M. Du Chaillu's other alleged delinquencies much more grave than that of merely appropriating engravings from the works of others without any acknowledgment, this alone would be sufficient to raise uncomfortable questions in regard to his good faith. Even his publisher seems to have felt himself partly implicated in M. Du Chaillu's dealings in this respect, and endeavours, in an intemperate letter, to dispose of the charges

so far as one figure is concerned—that of the gorilla skeleton (p. 370 of the volume). Mr. Murray has probably regretted by this time that he has been led to place himself in a position, ridiculous if it is to be considered as a trial of strength between himself and Dr. Gray on a point of anatomy, and of very questionable taste as the attitude adopted by a non-scientific man towards a distinguished man of science and a public officer. An attempt to defend by violent language the originality of one of M. Du Chaillu's "appropriated" drawings, while the remainder were confessedly indefensible, was surely as unwise as it was useless. So much for these original (?) illustrations, the place of which, by the way, we have heard, is to be supplied for the remaining copies by new plates drawn from actual specimens.

A fourth argument against the credibility of the narrative, and a more startling one, perhaps, than any of the preceding, is drawn from an examination of the specimens themselves, exhibited by M. Du Chaillu. These specimens furnish the most complete disproof of the numerous and reiterated descriptions and illustrations of the manner in which, according to M. Du Chaillu, his gorillas met their death. The illustrations show us a gigantic beast advancing with erect attitude and measured step to the combat; and in his description M. Du Chaillu tells us that the gorilla, with a roar like the deep-rolling thunder of an approaching storm, and "*which I have heard at a distance of three miles, advances*" to the attack on his hind legs, "by short stages, stopping to utter his diabolical roar and to beat his vast breast with his paws." "I have never," he continues "fired at a male at a greater distance than eight yards, and from fourteen to eighteen feet is the usual shot. At last the opportunity comes; and now the gun is quickly raised, a moment's anxious aim at the vast breadth of breast, and then pull trigger" (p. 351). Precisely similar descriptions are given at pp. 71, 276, 297, and 304, the gorilla being always represented as *advancing* to the attack, and being shot in the breast at a distance of from six to eight yards. We subjoin these, that it may be seen we do not exaggerate Mr. Du Chaillu's words.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him." (p. 70.)

"The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so out of his evil grey eyes, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms, gave another howl of defiance, and advanced upon us.

"Again he stopped, now not more than fifteen yards away. Still Malaouen said, 'Not yet.'

"Then again an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly the fero-

cious face of the monstrous ape. It was working with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was moved rapidly back and forth, and gave a truly devilish expression to the hideous face: once more he gave out a roar which seemed to shake the woods like thunder, and, looking us in the eyes and beating his breast, advanced again. This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. My breath was coming short with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malaouen said only 'Steady!' as he came up.

"When he stopped, Malaouen said, 'Now.' And before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket-balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle." (p. 276.)

"Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various directions. Gambo and I kept together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening alarm. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realized. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought, at first, quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the gorilla's teeth.

We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly, and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him.

"To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps.

"He stood his ground, and, as quickly as he could, reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall: and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.

"When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground and go off into the woods." (p. 297.)

"We stood side by side and awaited the advance of the hideous monster. In the dim half-light of the ravine, his features working with rage, his gloomy, treacherous, mischievous grey eyes, his rapidly-agitated, and frightful, satyr-like features had a horrid look, enough to make one fancy him really a spirit of the damned.

"He advanced upon us by starts, as is their fashion, pausing to beat his fists upon his vast breast, which gave out a dull, hollow sound, like some great bass-drum with a skin of ox-hide. Then he roared, making the forest ring with his short bark and refrain, which is singularly like the loud muttering of thunder.

"We stood at our posts for at least three long minutes, guns in hand, before the great beast was

near enough for a safe shot. In this time I could not help thinking of the misfortune of my poor hunter but a few days ago; and, as I looked at the gorilla before us, I could fancy the horror of the situation when, with empty gun, the poor fellow stood before his remorseless enemy, who came upon him, not with a sudden spring, like the leopard, but with a slow, vindictive certainty which is like fate.

"At last he stood before us at a distance of six yards. Once more he paused, and raising his head, began to roar and beat his breast. Just as he took another step towards us we fired, and down he tumbled, almost at our feet, upon his face, dead." (p. 304.)

Having read the above extracts, the reader will probably hear with surprise what is the practical commentary upon this "damnable iteration" of shooting at the "vast breadth of breast" furnished by an examination of the skins themselves. In all of M. Du Chaillu's specimens which we have examined, (and to the best of our belief we have examined all,) there is not a single instance in which the animal has been shot in the front at all. The fractures in the skeleton of one of the gorillas which we have seen, seems to indicate that a ball had entered immediately from behind, injuring the spinal process and passing upwards and outwards through the breast of the animal, shattering three of the ribs in its progress. As to the other specimens, including the "King of the Gorillas" himself, there is no evidence which we can discover to prove that they died by gunshot at all. We do not pretend to speak authoritatively, but we do not speak heedlessly, when we say that so far as we can judge by an examination of the specimens, we believe them with one exception to have been taken in traps, and killed, as certain appearances indicate, by the heavy native spears. Nor, further, do we think that they have been killed so recently as the period embraced in M. Du Chaillu's travels would indicate. It seems to us that at least from eight to fourteen years must have elapsed since those decaying parchment-like skins were stripped from the living animal. Where are our Watertons, our Lamonts, our Pallisers, the Nimrods of the nineteenth century, that they do not step forward, and give us the results of their impartial and weighty judgments on this head?

A further objection raised by Dr. Gray against M. Du Chaillu is the manner of the curing and stuffing of the skins. They have been prepared, he tells us, to the best of his belief, by the native hunters, and stuffed on the coast. The description, says Dr. Gray, which M. Du Chaillu gives of his stuffing them in the interior is simply incredible, for the reason that such huge bulks, stuffed as he describes, could not possibly have been conveyed from the great distances of the interior.

But in addition to these and other special objections, which present themselves to the mind of the attentive reader, it cannot be disguised that there is something in the general aspect and tone of the whole work which has aroused suspicion in quite other minds than those of mere literary or scientific critics. The veteran sportsman and naturalist, Mr. Charles Waterton, a weighty authority, as even M. Du Chaillu and his friends will admit, has stated openly the unfavourable impression which the entire narrative has left upon his mind. There is, he says, a vagueness of description, a want of precision in the account of his movements and the chase and slaughter of his game, which seems to him singularly unlike the veritable narrative of a genuine sportsman; and certainly, when compared with such narratives as those of Livingstone, Barth, or Palliser, the force of this objection will be readily understood. Mr. James Lamont, a traveller of as

wild and varied experience of wild countries and savage animals as most men living, state^s his incredulity still more forcibly than Mr. Waterton. "Hitherto," he says, "I have been restrained by a feeling of courtesy towards M. Du Chaillu from taking any open or public part in the controversy. However, since the outrage perpetrated by that gentleman at the meeting of the Ethnological Society, I cannot see that it is longer incumbent on any one to stand upon courtesy with him; and I, therefore, beg to submit to you the following observations drawn from a very attentive perusal of his book:—

"Passing over, as already distinctly proved, the plagiarism of engravings, as well as the irreconcilable confusion of dates, I would remark generally, that M. Du Chaillu does not describe travelling like a traveller, or hunting like a sportsman. There is a vagueness in all his descriptions of travelling and bivouacking which must at once strike any experienced traveller as being unnatural, and as not having been written on the spot.

"Then there is a suspicious similarity in all his hunting adventures, particularly with the gorillas. Every one of his 'large male gorillas' behaves in exactly the same way! Thus, in a gloomy part of the forest, so dark that you can hardly see to shoot [who ever saw a forest so dark in daylight?], the 'thunderous roar' of the animal is heard several miles off, and he presently advances, in the most accommodating manner, towards his pursuers, instead of retreating, as all wild animals do, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. He advances slowly and deliberately, 'beating his breast,' and roaring, and, according to the illustrations, walking on his hind legs, until within a few yards of his pursuers, who then fire simultaneously and kill him! Now, I appeal to any African, Indian, or American sportsman to say if all that is not a most improbable and unnatural description of the *chasse* of a large wild animal?"

In like manner Mr. Lamont and Mr. Waterton are unanimous in rejecting the veracity of M. Du Chaillu's description of the gorilla's mode of attack.

"Without at all denying," says Mr. Lamont, "to the gorilla the possession of great strength and occasional ferocity, I entirely agree with that distinguished naturalist, traveller, and sportsman, Mr. Waterton, that he would not exert that strength in the manner described by M. Du Chaillu. I believe him to be a harmless and inoffensive beast, unless when wounded or driven into a corner, in which case he would no doubt show fight; but his mode of attack would most certainly be by rushing at his assailant on all fours and seizing him with his teeth, not by walking deliberately up to him on his hind legs, and using his hands to strike like a trained boxer!"

Mr. Waterton's evidence we requote, because in a single pregnant paragraph it seems to embrace the whole scientific philosophy of the controversy on this head. "M. Du Chaillu," he says, in a communication to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*,

"Has so completely changed the habits of the poor unoffending gorilla, and has so distorted its natural propensities, that I am nearly at a loss to recognize it as one of the monkey family. Its wonderfully muscular fore-legs (which, by the way, have been given to it by nature, not for self-defence, but in reality to facilitate its rapid transition from branch to branch in its native haunts) are now, forsooth, to be considered, according to our traveller's statement, as tremendous weapons of destruction. With these, his Gorilla smashed the ribs of a nigger, and bent his gun-barrel, and broke the stock in pieces! How came the gorilla on this occasion to use its fore-feet at all? None but quadrupeds with retractile claws use them in the act of aggression. Thus, the lion, the tiger, and the leopard, and every individual of the cat tribe, strike down their prey by a blow of the paw. Whereas,

the dog, the hyæna, and all with nails not retractile, secure it by open mouth, and well-adapted fangs.

"Again, what brought the gorilla to the ground, and caused the timid ape to commence warrior movements? Examine the formation of its entire frame, and you will perceive how well it is adapted to pass a life amongst the trees; and, on the contrary, how ill to plod its way on the ground. The soles of all its four feet are so soft, that they may be compared to satin, or to the most delicate lady's hand. But those quadrupeds which live on the ground have hard and warty soles to their feet."

It may be said, on the other hand, that the course of events proves that M. Du Chaillu can not only appeal to the confidence of the public, as is evidenced by the popularity and large sale of his book, but still more to the purchase, as is reported, by the Trustees of the British Museum, of a portion of his collection. It will be added, that if, on the one hand, such men as Gray and Waterton are opposed to his claims, he can point, on his side, to Professor Owen and Captain Burton. This is certainly an argument which, though foundationless in fact, has been largely and successfully appealed to; and we must admit that M. Du Chaillu's assailants have, to a great extent, themselves to thank for it. They have invited currency to the idea that those men of science and travel who were not prepared to join them in a sweeping condemnation of M. Du Chaillu as a mere impostor, were necessarily pledged to a full belief in the accuracy of his descriptions, and in the justice of his claims as an African traveller. So far as we can learn, and, indeed, as is evident from the statements of such of his supporters as have communicated their opinions to the world, this is not fact. That Dr. Owen should have hailed with enthusiasm the arrival of a large collection of specimens of the gorilla, into whose anatomy and peculiarities he had long made earnest and laborious research, is natural; that he should entertain kindly feelings towards the man through whose instrumentality, in one way or another, these specimens had been brought to England, was likewise to be expected; that when attacked by indignant critics, this person sought to screen himself under the shelter of a distinguished name, those who know anything of the kindness of the great anatomist will not misinterpret the part he has taken, or, rather, the part that he has refused to take. It is fortunate, indeed, that more than one of the public supporters of M. Du Chaillu have given to the world their conception of his real merits. Two of these we shall cite for the benefit of our readers. Our first quotation is from an article in the *Examiner*, understood to be by the pen of a gentleman, the strength of whose partisanship for M. Du Chaillu led him so far to forget his duties as president of a society of gentlemen, as to admit a gross violation of the ordinary rules of decency to be perpetrated in his presence. In this article, which is mainly directed against ourselves, and which we quote, principally on account of its admission with respect to the non-authorship of the book by M. Du Chaillu, the writer says:—"There are some anachronisms in the book greedily seized upon as if they were substantial evidence of falsification. The work, we understand, was compiled in America from a vast mass of notes. . . . The wonder to us is not that there are a few, but so few, misprints in a work compiled in haste, and approaching to five hundred pages." Another of M. Du Chaillu's champions, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, is less flattering to his hero in the ground he chooses for his defence. "Save me from my friends," must, we should think, have been M. Du Chaillu's exclamation on reading the article:—

"Naturalists," says the learned writer, "have fallen into the mistake of regarding his book as a work of science written by a scientific traveller; and they have consequently exacted an amount of accuracy which it does not possess. In doing this, critics would have been right had they formed a right opinion of the book; but they did not. It does not seem to have occurred to them that it is a string of travellers' stories, and nothing more. We must own that in having this estimate formed of him the author has to thank himself. That M. Du Chaillu has no pretension to be considered a scientific traveller is evident enough. To talk learnedly as he does of his new species, and of his discoveries about apes and other animals, is, we take it, a piece of vanity not altogether unpardonable in an adventurer, and natural in an ill-informed man, but not a sufficient ground for hunting him down. Moreover, he possesses a fertile imagination, and this may explain the true meaning of some of his statements, which are no doubt flights of fancy, that have been so frequently told to admiring audiences as to have gradually become fixed in his mind as truths in which he now believes. . . . If we withhold our credence from much that his volume contains, it is not because we impute bad faith to their author, but regard him as over-credulous, ill-informed, over-talkative, and unacquainted with the exactitude required in books of voyages and travels if they are to command the respect of the public on this side the Atlantic."

We have now fulfilled the promise with which we began, of bringing the history of this remarkable controversy down to the position which it occupies at the present time. Our readers will have already perceived that that position is far from creditable to the method of scientific investigation in this country. Persevering and unwearied as we are in all matters that relate ever so indirectly to mere money-making, it is not a little astonishing to find that questions of absorbing interest, from a scientific point of view, are handled even by those who might fairly be supposed to feel concerned in their satisfactory solution, after the most perfunctory and inconclusive fashion. A reluctance to express decided convictions on one side or the other, or in any way to stand committed to a distinct view; a preference of that unworthy goodwill which comes of being all things to all men, to the self-esteem which results from honest avowal of opinion; a habit of supposing that truth must out, whether we laboriously hunt after it, or easily await its arrival—all this, so characteristic of our modern scientific men, has entered, with a fatal effect, into the present discussion as to the credibility of M. Du Chaillu's book; and although so long a time has elapsed since the publication of this memorable volume, the mind of the public is still in a condition of doubt and perplexity, as distasteful to themselves, as it is discreditable to those who ought never to have rested till all ground for it was removed.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, July 12.

Among all that has been in such overwhelming abundance talked and written during the last two years on the subject of Italy, and the extraordinary resuscitation movement there in progress, the fact that such a social phenomenon is altogether unprecedented in history, has perhaps not been adverted to sufficiently—not sufficiently, because therein lies the sufficient cause and excuse for much that has been blamed, both by the Italians themselves and by others, and for many apparent shortcomings on the part of the new Government. In truth, is not the wholly unexampled magnitude of the operation now attempted, and in great part accomplished there, a satisfactory plea in extenuation of almost any amount of delay and partial error in conducting the vast effort to a successful termination? Nations

have slowly and gradually grown into civilization and a consolidated system of social life. Many have attained the proportions of great and powerful communities by a long process of accretion. And even in these cases the work of incorporation and assimilation has always been a painful and difficult, often a dangerous one. Comparatively small colonial communities have changed dependence for independence, and in doing so have found the task of passing safely from the one to the other condition sufficiently arduous. Nations already strong, compact, and homogeneous, have changed their sovereigns and dynasties, not without danger, suffering, and partial convulsion; and others have changed entirely their scheme of social regimen, with results that the strongest advocates for the necessity of the change can deem to be equivalent to only partial success. But where is the example in all history of a nation extemporizing itself, as may be fairly said, out of heterogeneous elements, as Italy is now doing? Out of what political Jove's head did any nation ever spring ready equipped for a career of high civilization, as Italy has sprung before our eyes? When we consider the nature of the truly Herculean labour of organization which has to be, and in great part has been performed, and still more the external circumstances under which this self-development has had to proceed, the amount of success that has been attained seems, in truth, little less than miraculous!

This wonderful social phenomenon, at which all Europe has been gazing with astonishment and admiration, will in due time find its competent historians. The second *renaissance* of Italy will be among the choicest and most inviting chapters of the story of mankind; it will be a favourite subject with the ablest masters of historical writing for many a century to come; and the great men who have captivated the noble enterprise will not miss their due meed of gratitude and praise. But the same captains would not have equally succeeded in leading a different host to similar victory. If the wisdom, sagacity, prudence, firmness, bravery of the leaders of all kinds in this national re-birth have been most notable, the part that has been performed by the rank and file of the nation, and the qualities manifested by them, have been no less rare and notable, but are likely to be much less noted. For, in fact, no man but one resident among them from first to last, throughout all the acts of this great drama, and thoroughly conversant with all classes of the people, *more especially with the lower classes*, can have had opportunities of appreciating the amount of true patriotism, good sense, moderation, and self-denial which the people have manifested in almost all parts of Italy—most notably, as might be expected, in those central districts of the peninsula which are the choicest, most favourably circumstanced, and most Italian part of Italy. How far Hungary may show itself capable of competing with Italy for the prize of genuine popular patriotism remains to be seen; but, unless in the essentially different case of some very much smaller communities, history has no record in its past pages of self-sacrifice, willingly, knowingly, and cheerfully accepted for the love of country's sake, so universal among the masses of any people, as has been the case in most parts of Italy.

It would need a very full and detailed history of the Italian people during the last two years, marking the progressive phases of the popular mind, and rich with a thousand anecdotes illustrative of the popular feeling, to set this forth to the readers of Europe, as it well deserves to be told and known. But one notable and easily understood instance of genuine patriotism, such as has rarely, if ever, been exhibited by the masses of any people, was seen at the time when the question of the union or non-union of the duchies of Central Italy and of Emilia with the kingdom of Piedmont and Lombardy was yet undecided. It would be scarcely too much to say that there did not exist at that time one man in Florence who did not believe that he would be more or less injured in his personal interests by the merging of Tuscany in the kingdom of Italy. That a contrary feeling is now almost as universal, that the fears then entertained have already been shown to be erroneous, in nowise detracts from the merit of the self-sacrifice then made. Everybody then doubted nothing that the loss of material prosperity would be immense. House property would fall a hundred per cent. in value, it was confidently predicted. Art, which, in

its various branches and attendant trades may be called the staple of Florentine industry, would utterly perish for want of patronage and customers. Travellers would no more pass their winters in a dull city, no longer a capital. Population would rapidly decrease; labour would share the general decline, and fall to half its value; and the men who were deeply persuaded of all this, were tempted by all sorts of proposals for the maintenance of Tuscan autonomy. It was no longer a question, it should be observed, of aversion to the ousted Grand-Ducal rule: it was no fear of the consequences of an angry master's return. Tuscan autonomy might have been secured in more ways than one without that, and all the advantages of a court and capital retained. But it was the strong love of Italy,—the rooted opinion that only by union and consolidation could Italy ever arise from her abasement,—this, in real truth, and nothing else, induced Tuscans of every class to determine deliberately and declare loudly in favour of the fusion with Upper Italy. Let our beloved Tuscany perish; let Florence—our noble, storied Florence, with its ancient glories and unmatched history—sink to a decaying provincial town! but let Italy arise and be great! And this was honestly and truly the sentiment that might be heard in every street and bye-lane from artisans and labourers, carpenters, cobblers, and masons. It may be fancied, perhaps, that men of such classes, except from a notion that their trades might suffer, would care little for the fortunes of Florence. But it would be a very great mistake. Time was when the ancestors of these men had each his part in ruling, guarding, and building up the prosperity and greatness of the Republic. Those days have never been forgotten by their descendants; and through all the miseries and degradations of the intervening ages, while the only escape of the Italian from self-contempt and conscious inferiority was to be found in continual remembrance of and appeal to the glorious past, those recollections have been as a patrimony of pride and self-respect to the people. Of course it is not pretended that many men of the artisan class in Florence have any very precise or accurate knowledge of the history of their country; but as it is visibly set forth to them by the grand old public buildings, which make the streets of Florence storied as are no other streets in the world, and as it is epitomized in the names and titles of magistrates and families, and places and monuments, all significant to the popular imagination, the genuine Florentine populace—the *popolani*—are to a man enthusiastic lovers of their much-reverenced city's past.

And the thought that Florence was to fall from the high place it had held for so many centuries was bitter to these men. To consent to such an abdication was to each of them a real personal self-denial, which would have been obtained from them on no other consideration than that of "the good of Italy."

All the previsions and prophecies which were so universal and unanimous respecting the decay of Florence in all the elements of material prosperity, which would surely, it was imagined, follow on the fusion of Tuscany with the kingdom of Upper Italy, have been most signally falsified already by the results, as far as they have, up to the present time, manifested themselves, and as far as the prospects of the future can be calculated on. Rents and the value of property have very markedly risen. Employment in every kind of manual labour was never, within the memory of man, so abundant at Florence as at the present time. Indeed, the demand for skilled labour is very sensibly in excess of the supply. Prices of every kind of produce are rising, and wages are rising with them. In truth, it has become already abundantly clear that, at all events, the material sacrifice which Florence was called on to make, and to which she so cheerfully and unanimously consented, will not be required from her. In the new constitution of the kingdom of Italy that sacrifice will have to be demanded from some other cities; and already it has been accepted by some of those which will have to suffer most, with an un-murmuring cheerfulness and self-denial worthy of all praise and admiration.

And now the question arises, whether it will be for the advantage of Italy that Florence should be called on to consummate that other sacrifice of its

pride of place and its time-honoured dignity, which it was and is so ready to make, if the general good shall be seen to be best served.

Which, out of all the fair cities, each so worthy of being the chief, shall be the capital of the new kingdom? That is the question; not, perhaps, among the most urgent for immediate solution, of all those which the Parliament now assembled at Turin has to deal with; but one more permanently important, perhaps, to the future interests of the nation than most of them, and certainly to those who are merely well-wishing spectators of the great drama being enacted here, the most interesting of all.

What city shall be the capital of the kingdom of Italy?

There are many circumstances which have counselled the postponement of any official consideration of it by the ministers or parliament; but it has been much more thought about than talked of in every part of Italy. The time is at hand when serious inconveniences will arise from further deferring a decision upon this subject: it will probably not be deferred much longer; and I purpose setting before the readers of the *Literary Gazette* in my next letter a view of the question in its various bearings, and of the considerations which should rule the solution of it.

T. A. T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BUCKLE ON THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—Mr. Buckle, in his eagerness to prove that the people of Scotland are peculiarly bigoted and superstitious, not only insists that their national character, past and present, must be tested by the sermons and writings of their preachers who lived in the seventeenth century, but he brings forward this evidence, such as it is, in a most unfair manner. He heaps opprobrium upon the Scottish divines, not merely for holding opinions which were held by the most enlightened men of their age, such as Bacon and Boyle, but also for teaching doctrines which still form part of the creed of the Church of England, and, indeed, of evangelical Christendom. He has selected many of his quotations from sermons which were not published by the preachers themselves, but printed after their death from imperfect and inaccurate notes taken by their hearers; from collections of silly and superstitious stories which were circulated among the vulgar; from works published by the bitterest enemies of the Presbyterians, and even, *pro pudor!* from the notorious *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed*. He has made his selections from the sermons of these divines in such a way as to lead his readers to believe that the preachers referred to dwelt mainly, if not exclusively, on topics which formed only one part of their instructions. And he has brought charges against them which are not true, and which the evidence he has adduced in their support shows to be the result of his own culpable ignorance, or something worse. My limited space will not permit me to give more than one or two examples of the misrepresentations with which almost every page of Mr. Buckle's work abounds.

In the peculiar state of society which existed in Scotland during the seventeenth century, a parish was regarded simply as an enlarged family, and was governed by the Kirk-session, very much on the same principles as a household is governed by its head. It is a common trick of Mr. Buckle to affirm, that whatever the minister and elders, in the exercise of their paternal authority, discountenanced from prudential or other motives, was denounced by them as a sin. Several presbyteries endeavoured to get markets, which were held on Mondays and Saturdays, changed to other days in the week, in order that "the travelling of man and horse on the Lord's-day" might be prevented. On this Mr. Buckle asserts that "it was sin for any Scotch town to hold a market either on Saturday or on Monday, because both days were near Sunday" (p. 394). Again, he says "it was a sin for a

Scotch woman to wait at a tavern" (*ibid.*); but his authority merely bears that in their anxiety to preserve the morals of their flock, the Kirk-sessions did not allow females to act as waiters in taverns, in order that sin might be prevented. "The Scotch clergy," we are told, "looked on all comforts as sinful in themselves merely because they were comforts;" therefore "it might have been taken for granted that it was a sin to cleanse one's body." "It was doubtful whether swimming was lawful for a Christian at any time, even on week-days; and it was certain that God had on one occasion shown His disapproval, by taking away the life of a boy while he was indulging in that carnal practice." Mr. Buckle's sole authority for this preposterous statement is the fact mentioned by Wodrow, that on "August 6th, 1691, the Session recommends it to the magistrates to think on some overtures for discharging boys from swimming, in regard one was lately lost."

He tells us (p. 348) that "the clergy believed that they alone were privy to the counsels of the Almighty, and that by virtue of this knowledge they could determine what any man's future state would be;" and in proof of this charge he quotes a statement from Halyburton, that "the great business of gospel ministers is to declare the whole counsel of God;" and a declaration of Rutherford, "I am free from the blood of all men, for I have communicated to you the whole counsel of God." If Mr. Buckle knew his Bible as he ought to know it, he would not require to be informed that these passages are simply a quotation from the farewell address of the Apostle Paul to the elders of the church of Ephesus, and that the phrase "the whole counsel of God" means nothing more than the whole Gospel—the whole truth about Christ.

I shall give only one more instance of Mr. Buckle's "ignorance and something more." He quotes from Binning a satirical retort, which "a godly man" made—certainly not in the best taste—to "some wanton curious wit;" and on the ground of this solitary remark, he ascribes to all the Scotch divines of the age the opinion that "the Almighty had spent his leisure," previous to the creation of man, "in preparing and completing this place of torture (hell), so that when the human race appeared it might be ready for their reception." He then goes on to say, "Ample, however, as the arrangements were, they were insufficient; and hell not being big enough to contain the countless victims incessantly poured into it, had in these latter days been enlarged, there was not sufficient room." Mr. Buckle's "irrefragable evidence" of the truth of this assertion is the words "Hell hath enlarged itself," which he found in Abernethy's *Physicks for the Soule*. But the learned writer is ignorant of the fact, known to every Scotch schoolboy, that the words in question are merely quoted from the fifth chapter of the book of the Prophet Isaiah, "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure." Mr. Buckle gives us a long "list of the principal works quoted in the present volume," but among them no mention is made of the Holy Scriptures. The omission is judicious, for it is painfully evident that if the author has not read that sacred volume his knowledge of its contents is of the most limited and imperfect nature.

Mr. Buckle knows as little of the constitution of the Church of Scotland as he does of the Bible. He is pleased to inform us that the Kirk-session was composed of a certain number of laymen termed Elders, selected by the clergyman; that these elders were "his minions, his tools, and the creatures of his power;" that the Kirk-sessions were "arbitrary and irresponsible tribunals;" that the clergy exercised an "ecclesiastical despotism;" and that the people were "priest-ridden." Mr. Buckle ought to have known that the Presbyterian Church does not recognize the distinction between the laity and the clergy; that the laity form a large portion of the members of all its church courts; and that the elders are not, and never were, selected by the clergy. In the seventeenth century the great landed proprietors, as well as the leading judges, lawyers, physicians, professors, and merchants, did not think it beneath them to discharge the duties of the eldership, and to sit in the Presbyterian Church courts. The elders were chosen from among the most in-

fluential persons in each parish. No layman could be a member of the General Assembly, or supreme court of the Church, unless he were an elder or member of a Kirk-session; and that assembly was composed not only of a certain number of lay delegates from each Presbytery, but also a representative of each royal burgh, and of each of the four Universities of Scotland. Among those who usually took a prominent part in its debates were great noblemen like the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Marchmont, statesmen like Henry Dundas and Sir Gilbert Elliot, the principals of the Universities, the president and the judges of the Court of Session, the law officers of the Crown, with a sprinkling of the sheriffs of counties, and leading barristers like Andrew Crosbie and the famous Henry Erskine. The Kirk-sessions and other inferior courts of the Church are responsible to the Assembly for their whole proceedings. Their decisions may be brought by appeal under its notice, and be reversed by its authority; and the records of the Assembly prove that those who are dissatisfied with the sentences of the inferior courts are by no means backward to avail themselves of their privilege of appeal. This brief outline of the constitution of the Presbyterian Church, and of its mode of operation, will enable your readers to judge how much truth there is in Mr. Buckle's description of its Kirk-sessions and Presbyteries.

SCIENCE.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

We have received the Monthly Notices of this Society. During the past month Wm. J. Rideout, Esq., Standish, near Wigan; S. H. Winter, Esq., Trueby House, Woodford; J. G. Perry, Esq., F.R.C.S.; Wm. Penn, Esq., Stone, near Aylesbury; and J. H. Dallmeyer, Esq., 19, Bloomsbury Street, have been balloted for and duly elected Fellows.

Amongst the communications are the following:—On the Secular Acceleration of the Moon's Mean Motion. By W. F. Donkin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford.

Observations of the Variable Star α Argus. By Francis Abbott, Esq.

On the Probable Identification of Anthelm's Variable of 1670 (Nova Vulpeculæ), and on some other Variable Stars. By J. R. Hind, Esq.

On the Nomenclature of the Minor Planets. By J. R. Hind, Esq.

Note on the Disposition of the Penumbra of a Solar Spot. By W. R. Birt, Esq.

On the Ring of Saturn. By W. Lassell, Esq.

On the Ring of Saturn and on Jupiter's Satellites. By Captain W. S. Jacob.

Results of Meridional Observations of Small Planets; Occultation of a Star by the Moon; and Phenomena of Jupiter's Satellites; observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, during the month of May, 1861. Communicated by the Astronomer Royal.

FINE ARTS.

THE DEBATE ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

TOWARDS the close of the Session, Parliamentary talk often becomes interesting, and to some extent instructive, to those interested in Art. According to an old couplet—

"Money makes the mare to go,
Whether she has legs or no;"

and in some similar way the money wanted by the necessities of departments compels some attention to subjects, which are at all other periods either treated as bores, or altogether neglected by our representative wisdom. Last week there was the Foreign Office, this week there has been the Royal Academy; besides incidentally the National Gallery, the Kensington Museum, and a hint thrown out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which opens up a vast field for speculation and argumentative con-

flict. To some points in the interesting debate on Tuesday evening last we shall, therefore, ask the attention of readers interested in Art. To make the matter intelligible, it must be remembered that in the Lords, on Monday evening, Lord Granville moved for a Committee to consider what could be done with the Turner, Vernon, and other pictures, that had been or might be left to the nation; and as that committee was of course named by the Lord President of the Council, and a majority of those named understood to be at least not unfavourable to Lord Granville's views, it requires little prophetic power to suppose what the recommendations of that committee will amount to. By many, both in the House of Commons and beyond its walls, the supposition is, that Lord Granville represents the Prince Consort in such matters, and the Prince being determined to concentrate all Art interests at Kensington, that this committee of the Lords is a mere *ruse*, to cover with constitutional forms the foregone conclusions of the Prince Consort and the department at Kensington, over which he so effectually rules. Whether such opinions be well or ill founded, their existence is the key to the full understanding of such debates in the Commons as one of those on Tuesday; and without the knowledge of this key it is difficult to understand that unanimity which exists among men who are opposed to each other on nearly all other subjects.

On the vote of £12,134 being proposed for the annual expenses of the National Gallery, Lord H. Lennox entered at length upon the old question; asked when it was proposed to turn out the Royal Academy; and hoped the House would exact a pledge from Lord Palmerston, that not another shilling would be asked this year for alterations; that is, practically, for increasing the comfort or improving the tenure of the Royal Academy; because no one reading Lord H. Lennox's speech, can fail to see that the continued occupation by the Royal Academy of its private rooms was the real grievance at which his remarks were levelled. He described the new sculpture-rooms in a ridiculous light, and decried the irresponsible trusteeship which mismanages the National Gallery; but these were mere make-weights to help forward his more manifest object of helping out the Royal Academy from their present occupation of national premises, perhaps into a national site for premises of their own at Burlington House. Lord Palmerston, who last year asked honourable members "if they meant to turn the Royal Academy into the streets," said on Tuesday evening, in reply to Lord H. Lennox—"No doubt it is intended that the Royal Academy shall go elsewhere to make space for the National Collection, and Burlington House might be a very good place, but even that was by no means a settled point;" and as the after discussions indicated, there is "the whole question to be considered," whatever that may be, before Government is prepared to take definite action, even in providing the Royal Academy with the site at Burlington House. Mr. Layard made a speech on the bye-play of the subject, but even he had no word of defence for the Royal Academy, and substituted, instead, a panegyric on the taste and judgment of Sir Charles Eastlake. Mr. Augustus Smith said it was monstrous to provide accommodation for the Royal Academy when they wanted it for only three months in the year. This year's exhibition would soon be over, and as they had to find an asylum for the Turner pictures before next November, he hoped they would be deposited in these rooms—*i.e.*, those now alleged to belong to the Royal Aca-

demy, ay, and until they receive others from the nation or an equivalent, on a satisfactory site. Mr. Ewart said, the sooner the Royal Academy enters into free competition with other societies the better; and indicated his determination to let them find their own rooms in the way other Art societies found their premises: otherwise it would be no free competition. Lord John Manners agreed with everybody, who said the present space was required for the national pictures, and wanted to know from Government when that event was likely to take place, i.e. when the Royal Academy was to be turned out; and he insisted on Lord Palmerston satisfying the House upon what was doing, or intended to be done, both respecting the rooms in Trafalgar Square, and the site at Burlington House. Mr. Tite hoped that the Turner gallery would form part of the national collection, which "ought to be collected on one spot;" and "if a site were given to the Royal Academy at Burlington House," he concluded that it would be easy to get a design that would be a credit to the country. And after more speeches in a similar strain from the same and other speakers, Lord Palmerston had to give the assurance that no more money would be asked for alterations in favour of the Royal Academy, and that that body was perfectly prepared to move, whenever they were summoned.

But the display of feeling did not subside with the passing of the vote on which the discussion had been hung. Another vote for that latest and most wretched of so-called national collections, the Portrait Gallery in Great George Street, by which, Mr. Newdegate justly said, the poor are taxed to purchase real or pretended portraits of Nell Gwynn and other worthies, often to the disgrace of Art and the corruption of taste, and upon this vote a renewal of the Royal Academy discussion was again suspended. Mr. Slaney, who is an amiable but withal rather weak representative man, who speaks a great deal for a class he evidently does not in the least understand, either in their feelings, tastes, or wants, thought this Portrait Gallery was one of the objects for which the great body of the working classes would willingly be taxed. Let Mr. Slaney take the first opportunity of asking them, and the responses would probably astonish him. Unfortunately this delusion has got under the wing of Mr. Gladstone, and he thought this infant collection had made very fair progress: but here again the Royal Academy was the theme of his remarks, and most significant these were, both to the Royal Academy and to the other Art interests in London, and if these latter are not dead to their own interests they will take combined and decisive action upon the hints thrown out in the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Royal Academy, said Mr. Gladstone, "understood that it would be their duty to vacate the National Gallery whenever the public convenience required it, when the House made up its mind to the disposal of Burlington House. . . . The occupation of the front portion of the site of Burlington House by the Royal Academy would, however, dispose of the whole question of the employment of that site. This was a question which ought not to be compromised until it had been considered as a whole." This again brought up Lord John Manners, Messrs. Layard, Augustus Smith, Coningham, and others, and the energy of the first speeches was quite outdone by the categorical demands of the second, in which two objects seemed determined on,—first, to get the Royal Academy out, and second, to get the national pictures into the rooms in Trafalgar Square: the one

because the Royal Academy is, *nem. con.*, declared in the House of Commons little better than a nuisance to be got rid of; and the other, because members on both sides of the House are determined to resist the apparent purpose of the Prince Consort and his helps at Kensington, to override the authority of Parliament, and the convenience of the people in the disposal of the National Gallery.

What, it may be asked, has the Royal Academy to do with this long and half-smothered quarrel on this subject between Prince Albert and the House of Commons? There is, indeed, no ostensible, but it does not follow that therefore there is no real, connection; and, in point of fact, nothing but the position of the Royal Academy and its determined resistance to reform, could ever have made this difference practically formidable. The Commissioners of 1851 might have spent a portion of the funds in securing specimens of Art industries, and Parliament might for a time have been induced to vote moneys for the same purpose; but had the Royal Academy been a national institution, really representing the Art and artists of the country, they would have been constituted the national guardians of what Parliament was pleased to vote. But the Academy preferred, and prefer, remaining a mere appendage of the Court; and as its members hug their degrading chains, they secure only the scorn of both sides; and, under cover of that scorn, a section of the Court and a section of the House of Commons are fighting a battle which both find it most convenient to fight under the shattered and unhonoured flag of the Royal Academy. Could anything be more degrading to the Art and artists of the country, and especially to the members of the Royal Academy, than such a state of things? And there is but one way of escape. Let the Academy boldly throw itself upon popular support, by bringing its constitution and action into harmony with the impulses of the nation. Let its members become the real, instead of the nominal, representatives of British Art, and trust the British people to decide whether an Academy of artists so constituted, or the present power that reigns supreme at Kensington, should be entrusted with the Art interests of the nation.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mlle. Patti has afforded another proof of intelligence and versatility in her careful impersonation of the fanciful heroine of Flotow's "Martha," *Lady Henrietta*; a part which, though it exacts no great amount of histrionic power, still requires a certain nicety and discrimination to make it properly effective, and to prevent the highborn and fanciful lady of rank from degenerating into the petulant and vulgar hoyden. The cast of the whole opera is uncommonly good, seeing that Mario undertakes the rôle of *Lionel*, whilst the characters of *Tristan*, *Nancy*, and *Plunkett* are represented by Tagliafico, Mme. Nantier-Didé, and Graziani respectively. The opera has been twice performed since our last week's notice, and each time with genuine success—the Spinning Quartett, the Beer Song, the "Qui sola, virgin Rosa" ("The last Rose of Summer"), and the "M'appari tutt' Amor," being all encored. The other performances during the week have comprised the "Trovatore," "Don Giovanni," on Monday evening, and "Il Ballo in Maschera" on Tuesday. The last-mentioned opera does not seem to grow in public estimation, although it has every care and attention lavished upon its production. The part of *Oscar* (the Page) is taken by Mme. Ortolani-Tiberini (now that Mme. Miolan-Carvalho has departed for the Continent), and very charmingly played by her, though in voice and execution she

cannot stand a comparison with her predecessor in the part. The remaining principal characters are filled, as before, by Mario, Graziani, and Mme. Nantier-Didé. Mme. Grisi's benefit is, we see, announced for Wednesday evening next.

Last Wednesday being a spare night at Covent Garden, advantage was taken of the circumstance by the Duchess of Wellington, who gave a concert at Apsley House, the chief performers in which consisted of the *personnel* of Covent Garden, including Mlle. Patti, and the services of Mr. Costa.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Pending the erection of the mythical concert-room in the new Exhibition building, which is to contain twenty thousand persons, we shall always consider the Handel Orchestra at the Crystal Palace as the best suited for monster concerts, and indeed monster gatherings of all sorts; under this denomination must certainly be included the concert given by the members of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, a society which, though formed so lately as 1852, numbers in its ranks 700 teachers and 150,000 pupils. It is but fair to those through whose exertions this society has attained its present eminence, to state that the labours of those engaged in the cause are wholly gratuitous, and that their only aim is to facilitate and improve the singing in schools and congregations, thereby creating a taste which may be the means of enabling the poorer classes to pass many a weary hour in their own homes with innocent satisfaction and pleasure. A fair idea of their performance may be gathered from an inspection of the programme, which is here subjoined:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Tune—Kiel	Romberg.
Chorale, "Now thank we all God"	J. S. Bach.
There is a happy land	Indian Air.
Thine, O Lord	Kent.
Lift up your heads (Messiah)	Handel.
Rosy May	Woodbury.
Call John	
Song of the Grass	Murby.
Cuckoo	Gersbach.
Here in cool grove	Mornington.
Beautiful Primrose	Mendelssohn.
Up and through the World	Gersbach.

PART II.

Tune—Prague	Moravian.
Chorale, "Come, sound His praise abroad"	Mendelssohn.
Joyfully, joyfully	American.
The Lord descended	Hayes.
Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah)	Handel.
Crystal Spring	Hastings.
Keep in step	Owen.
Spring Morning	Schneider.
Our Fathers were high-minded Men (Hardy Norseman)	Norse Melody.
Awake, Zolian Lyre	Dukey.
The Nightingale	Mendelssohn.
Gaily Launch	Mercadante.

National Anthem.

Five of the above pieces were encored—namely, the two choruses from the "Messiah," Kent's Anthem, a song by Gersbach ("The Cuckoo"), and a nondescript composition, entitled, "Call John," which we remember was received with an equal amount of *furor* at the previous concert given by the members of this society at St. James's Hall, some months since. The singing of the children, 3,500 in number, was highly creditable, especially as they received not the slightest support from instruments. To balance this formidable amount of treble and alto voices, about a thousand tenors and basses were employed—hardly a sufficient number. Some of the pieces sung were of a very trivial character, and were wholly undeserving of a place in the programme: such as the "Crystal Spring" and "Keep in Step." There is one point, moreover, of which we must express our strong disapprobation: it is that of setting familiar tunes, always associated with well-known words, to some new doggerel, supposed to inculcate feelings of religion and piety. It is thus that we have the words of Peersall's vigorous glee, "The Hardy Norseman," with its fine, manly, generous sentiment, set aside to make room for the following eulogy on the Protestants of the Reformation:—

"For all they suffered, little cared
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love for truth,
Made them the shame despise."

This is the sickly version of the Rev. H. M. Gunn. Pearsall's own words, a rough translation of an old Norman song, are as follows:—

"Too narrow was their native land,
For hearts so bold and free;
From bay and creek they sallied forth,
And conquer'd Normandy.
Then let their glory oft be sung,
In thrilling harmony;
And let it aye be borne in mind,
They ruled the stormy sea."

The intervals between some of the pieces were filled up by performances on the great organ by Miss Elizabeth Stirling.

Yesterday, the last of the Opera Concerts took place; and this (Saturday) afternoon, the Dramatic Bazaar, with its thousand attractions, personal, musical, and dramatic, is to be held.

HAYMARKET.

To those who could endure with equanimity a temperature forcibly reminding one of the more advanced stages in a Turkish bath, Mr. Buckstone's benefit, which took place on Friday evening, July 12th, provided a genuine treat. First of all came a new ballet, "Bacchus and Ariadne," wherein these deities, with a host of wood nymphs, Bacchantes, fauns, satyrs, &c., attendant upon them, performed every description of *pas*, grotesque and graceful, incidental to their varying occupations, with every accessory of gorgeous costume and scenic embellishment that could be devised. Mr. Buckstone's own annual address was as amusing and as well received as any of its predecessors. Meyerbeer's charming "Shadow Song" was admirably sung by Mlle. Parepa, and the Vocal Concert Quartette gave, in beautiful style and amid enthusiastic applause, Calcott's glee, "Once upon my cheek." Nor was this all; for, in honour of the occasion, a new comedy, by Mr. J. R. Planché, was produced for the first time. It consisted of an adaptation from M. Dumas's well-known comedy, "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," and is at once one of the most spirited and most successful of late translations. Mr. Planché is thoroughly master of all the resources of the stage, and most favourably do his comedies contrast with the clumsier and more slovenly productions with which alone we have at present the opportunity of comparing them. Mr. Planché is not a man of genius, and in an age when dramatic merit was less entirely *nil* than it is unfortunately in our own, we should not expect to see him hold even a high position; but among the minnows of the day he may easily pass for a Triton, and his taste and thorough acquaintance with the stage are such that his plays are always pleasing, shallow, and successful. "My Lord and my Lady; or, It might have been Worse," is the title he has given to his last production. Lord Fitzpatrick (Mr. C. Mathews), an impoverished noble, has, for money, married a lady (Mrs. C. Mathews) of plebeian extraction, whose family have sacrificed her to his coronet. Not the slightest pretension to affection is put forth on either side, and the domestic arrangements commence at once on a footing which is ordinarily only the result of matured conviction of incompatibility. Lady Fitzpatrick receives the attentions of Sir Harry Highton (Mr. Howe), an old and devoted admirer, and her lord is attached to the train of a fascinating French Countess. Jealousy, the bane of so many establishments, plays for once a beneficent part in this. An intriguing pair of domestics, consisting of a French valet and a lady's-maid, keep the newly-wedded pair well informed as to each other's movements; and the conviction of each other's worth is at length forced upon both by proceedings more calculated to bring about the separation which at one time seems imminent. The vulgar but honest-hearted aunt of Lady Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Round (Mrs. Wilkins), who is considerably astounded at the eccentric regulations of aristocratic households, acts nevertheless a tolerably prominent part in bringing about this happy result. An underplot exists in the play, the keynote of which is still jealousy, Mr. Groundsell (Mr. Buckstone), a middle-aged, somewhat portly gentleman, has married a young and lovely wife. Afraid

of the effect of the attentions which she is sure to receive from the foplings of the Court, he determines to try her constancy, and introduces her to Sir Harry Highton, who finds this Lothario character, to which he is by nature not averse, thrust upon him to an extent which becomes embarrassing. Mrs. Groundsell happens also to have been at a previous period one of the objects of Sir Harry's devotion, under circumstances which she has not deemed fit to narrate to her husband. Her confusion at this presentation is therefore great; considerable amusement is also extracted out of the fears of Mr. Groundsell, who from many suspicious indications is led to dread that his friend is playing him false, and carrying on the enterprise in a fashion not stipulated for in the bond. But, alas for the poor gallant! he is equally baffled in both his pursuits; and, mortification of mortifications! his successful rivals are the husbands, and he has only to console himself by acting with great generosity in resigning prizes which were no longer within his reach. The acting was very good. Mr. Mathews was admirable as Lord Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Buckstone irresistibly comic as Groundsell. The play itself reminded one of the old comedies of the days of Charles II., and with a little more piquancy, and a *dénouement* the reverse of the actual one, we might easily have assigned it to Congreve or Etherege. It needs, however, compression, and we think that the effect is marred by being carried out to the legitimate five acts. Three acts would have rendered it full of life: spread over five it could scarcely fail occasionally to flag. It was, however, eminently well received, and the calls for the author, who did not appear, were at once vociferous and well merited.

PRINCESS'S.

Shakespeare's "As You Like It" has been revived at the Princess's Theatre, with a cast which on the whole is highly satisfactory. Mr. Phelps was *Jaques*, and for the first time, we believe, has given a rendering of that character in a manner that is worthy either of it or of himself. *Rosalind* was performed by Miss Mary Provost, a young lady of transatlantic celebrity, but who has made her debut in England on this occasion. Miss Provost will prove a valuable addition to our now not over-plentiful stock of actresses who are fitted for high comedy. We intend, however, deferring for the present a criticism of this young lady's general powers, either as regards action or elocution, and only record that a hearty recall awaited her at the conclusion of every act in the course of which she prominently appeared, and at the conclusion of the comedy the applause was boisterous. Mr. Widdicombe was very clever as *Touchstone*.

ADELPHI.

The "Dead Heart" has been revived at the Adelphi, with a cast identical with that of its first performance. It is succeeded by a little farcical sketch, entitled the "Pretty Horsebreaker," suggested of course by the late somewhat peculiar controversy in the press. We can say nothing about this piece, save that Mr. Toole is amusing, and that the piece is quite innocent in spite of its highly suspicious title.

ST. JAMES'S.

It is rather a singular coincidence that two Frenchmen should be performing "Hamlet," in London, at the same time; but such is the case at present. The French translation of "Hamlet," by MM. A. Dumas and Paul Meurice, is being performed at St. James's Theatre, with M. Rouviere, of the Porte St. Martin, in the character of *Hamlet*. We are not at all confident as to the result of this experiment of M. Denney's. The rhymed verses of the French version of "Hamlet," to our English ear, suggest few ideas other than burlesque; and the nasal intonation, which constitutes so great a drawback in the performance of M. Fechter, strikes upon the ear even more painfully in that of M. Rouviere. We are not prepared to deny to M. Rouviere considerable tragic powers, but his *Hamlet*, however well suited to the taste of a Parisian audience, will meet with but little favour from those who have formed conceptions of the character so entirely different from his, as have most Englishmen. We have not space to dwell upon the defects or merits of this conception; suffice it to say that the heaviest

charge we bring against it is absence of dignity. In place of the philosophic breadth of *Hamlet's* moralizings, we hear unphilosophic and passionate outbursts against fortune or fate. In the address to the skull of Yorick, the manner of M. Rouviere was singularly infelicitous. The questions which *Hamlet* puts are, in fact, so many speculations, inspired by the sight of this "all that remains" of one formerly so admired and cherished. The manner of M. Rouviere gives a spectator the idea that he is deliberately questioning the skull, and leaving a pause between every sentence, that the latter may, if it think fit, give a response to his queries. There was, of course, some difficulty about the scenery, but the way in which this was got over, as well as the manner in which the parts were sustained, by a company who must have undertaken them on the spur of the occasion, was highly creditable. M. Goudbois was a good *Laertes*. Mlle. Lemerle was very effective as the *Queen*, and Mlle. Anna Milher far surpassed our expectations as *Ophelia*. The principal performers were warmly recalled at the close of the performance, by a house which was almost entirely composed of foreigners, and was, we are sorry to see, but thinly attended.

STRAND.

In despite of manifest traces of French origin, and of consequent offences against English conventionality (not against English decorum), the two-act comedy of Mr. Charles Scheltman, entitled "More Precious than Gold," has achieved a success, upon the whole well merited, at the Strand Theatre. To contribute to this result nothing has been spared in the manner in which the piece has been put upon the stage, with new and admirable scenery and decorations; and the efficient cast which was allotted to it also added not a little to the applause with which it was received. Still the piece has intrinsic merit sufficient to raise it at least to the level of the new comedies that have recently, according to different tastes, graced or disfigured our stage.

Lord and Lady Lovedale (Mr. Parselle and Miss E. Bufton), after a short experience of wedlock, have separated through incompatibility of temper; the disputes which frequently arose between them having been fanned into a blaze of quarrel by the presence in the house of the mother of the bride, an exasperating woman endowed with all those unamiable characteristics which seem now inseparable from the idea of a mother-in-law. This part is well played by Mrs. Selby. Attempts at arrangement of the quarrel have met with signal failure; the lady, acting under the advice of her mother, having met the passionate advances of her husband with a coldness that has rendered the prospect of a reconciliation if possible more remote. Matters have remained in this unfortunate state until their daughter *Lilian* (Miss Marie Wilton) has reached her eighteenth year, and has returned to her mother, over whom, and even over her austere grandmother, she rules with a rod whose authority is undeniable, though her only weapons are her petulance or her tears. The natural and laudable desire of this young lady is to bring together, if possible, two parents whom she dearly loves, but from the presence of one of whom she is debarred. In arranging her plans in order to bring about this result, she is materially assisted by her cousin Sir Charles Rocket (Mr. W. H. Swanborough), a gentleman of great valour and resolution in action, but in private life embarrassed by modesty, amounting even to sheepishness. An inspiration strikes *Miss Lilian*: if she should get married, her father and mother would be obliged to meet at her wedding, and that would afford an opportunity for her to try her powers of effecting a reconciliation. Emboldened by this heroic thought, though at a slight sacrifice of maidenly reserve, she at once makes an offer to her cousin Rocket. This young gentleman's nervous frame is thrown into a perfect flutter of excitement and even delight at the proposal, for it seems that marriage with *Lilian* was the thing in the world he most desired, but lacked the courage to propose. He stammers out an acceptance, in a manner which at one time seemed to forebode a refusal, and the plot is arranged between them. Without going at length into subsequent incidents, we may say that everything falls out as desired. *Lord and Lady Lovedale* meet; their daughter overcomes the coldness of her

mother, and the father's heart, proud in the contemplation of the charming daughter he has recovered, beats warmly to the mother to whom he owes her; even the old griffin mother-in-law is disarmed of the wrath by the same potent little tyrant; and acting upon an instinct creditable alike to her reason and her heart, she signals her forgiveness, and crowns it by taking her departure from her daughter's house, never to enter it again, save as a casual guest. The reconciliation, then, is completed, and the nuptials of the pair of conspirators are arranged in due form. The acting was on the whole good. Mr. Parselle is always careful and conscientious in the parts he undertakes, and his *Lord Lovendale* could not have been improved. Miss Buffon had not much of a part in *Lady Lovendale*, but she looked it well enough. Mr. Swanborough is always successful in parts where modesty or sheepishness has to be portrayed. Miss Wilton's was, of course, the rôle of honour, and it was one in every way suited to her. The character is perhaps in itself a trifle too mawkishly sentimental, but she redeems it by the spirit and vivacity she throws into it. Altogether the success of the piece was genuine and complete, though a little in excess of its intrinsic merits.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Of all dramas, the one least calculated for operatic representation, according to the generally received ideas on the subject, would be Shakespeare's "Hamlet." A French composer has been found, however, sufficiently courageous to undertake the task—Ambrose Thomas. The opera is to be in four acts, and has been adapted to the French stage by the well-known *collaborateurs*, Jules Barbier and Michel Carré.

The precise period at which the new building of the Théâtre Lyrique will be placed at the disposition of the manager, M. Réty, is not yet settled, but it will most probably be towards the end of the year. The opening is to be inaugurated with an opera, by MM. Saint-Georges and Halévy, entitled, "Noah," and a drama in three acts by Grisar.

The rehearsals of the new operetta, *Flamberg au Vent*, the music of which is by Frédéric Barbier, and the libretto by MM. Charles Nittier and Stenne, are going on at the Théâtre du Chalet-des-Isles. The new theatre in the Bois de Boulogne, under the management of M. Bridault, receives its full share of patronage during these hot months.

MM. Cormon and Amédée Achard have written the libretto for Gavaert's opera, which is to be represented this summer at Baden. The performers consist of the troupe from the Opéra Comique, including MM. Jourdan, Grignon, Prilleux, and Milles. Faivre and Monrose.

An annual subvention of three hundred pounds has been promised to the French Dramatic Society, by the Minister of the Interior.

Four hundred compositions were sent in to the committee appointed for the purpose at Heidelberg, to compete for the prizes assigned to the best songs to be included in the collection known by the name of "Kommersbuch." The successful competitors were Herr V. E. Becker, director of music at Wurtzburg; Herr Karl Appel, concert-master at Dessau; Herr Stephan Gruwe, and Herr C. Herring. Of the quality of these four hundred works we are of course unable to speak; but the number alone would seem to indicate that there is no decay of creative talent in Germany.

The directors of the Vienna Philharmonic Society have invited the composers of all nations to compete for the prizes offered by them for the two best Symphonies, to be composed this year, and referred to the examining committee before the end of August. This committee comprises the following well-known musicians: Ambrose, Ferdinand Hiller, Franz Liszt, Charles Beineke, and Robert Volkmann. The successful symphonies will be publicly performed in the musical season of 1861-2.

Alamanno Biaggi, for a considerable period the leader of the orchestra in the Théâtre de la Pergola, is recently dead at Florence.

Fitting representatives of the musical art for Germany, France, and Italy, have been found in Meyerbeer, Auber, and Verdi respectively, though it is much to be regretted that Rossini would not accept the honourable distinction in the latter case. The task of the commissioners in the case of England is rather more difficult, as no one composer is considered sufficiently pre-eminent above his brother musicians to warrant his unanimous election: the choice will ultimately lie between Macfarren and Sterndale Bennett, and will probably terminate in favour of the former—a decision which would be hailed with pleasure by all classes of musicians, and one which they would themselves unanimously make, were the task of election confided to them.

The approaching festival at Nuremberg will be conducted on a scale of great magnificence, there being no less than 5,106 vocalists; of this number Bavaria alone furnishes 3,099. The direction of the whole is entrusted to the Kapellmeister Franz Lachner.

Verdi is understood to be fully occupied with the composition of his new opera, which is to be brought out at St. Petersburg. Should sufficient progress have been made in the work, it is expected that he will superintend in person the first representations of "Il Ballo in Maschera," at La Scala, Milan.

The third part of the second volume of Spohr's autobiography has appeared.

Herr Litolf is at present in Paris, to superintend the production of his opera "Rodriguez de Toledo."

The death of a vocalist, Constance Blanck, once very celebrated, but long since forgotten, is recorded in the Continental papers: she was born in the year 1779, and died at Berlin last month. In the obituary of last month must be included the name of Wenzel Linda-Matouzek, the so-called Paganini of Russia; he died at Cracow.

The last number of the *Deutsche Theater-Archiv*, for three years the organ of the Dramatic Society in Berlin, came out last month; and in its place a journal will be started on perfectly independent grounds, called the *Neue Deutsche Theater-Archiv*. Frederick Adami, Otto Girdut, Max Ring, and Theodor Rotsche are amongst the principal contributors.

Herr Julius Knorr, a musical professor of some celebrity, died at Leipzig on the 12th of last June: he was an intimate friend of the late Robert Schumann, and was associated with him in the editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, during the first year of its existence. It is to Knorr that the Germans are indebted for their acquaintance with the pianoforte works of Chopin; an air by the latter with variations having been introduced many years since at one of the Gewandhaus Concerts by Herr Knorr.

The anniversary of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel's birthday is to be celebrated at Cassel by the performance of a new opera, "Otto der Schütz," the composition of the Kapellmeister Herr Karl Reiss; the libretto is written by E. Pasqué.

Gounod's "Faust" is to inaugurate the commencement of the musical season at the Hof-Theater, Gotha, and at the Stadt-Theater, Hamburg.

In lieu of an opera and ballet at the Grand Opera, Paris, a series of ballet performances took place on Friday evening last, comprising "La Vivandière," by Mlle. Zina Richard, "Graziola," by Mlle. Emma Livry, and "Le Marché des Innocents," by Mme. Petipa.

The first representation of "Alceste," at Paris, is announced for the middle of next month.

Considerable sensation has been awakened in Holland by the production of a new vocal symphony, entitled "Charles the Fifth;" the composition of Herr E. Thooft, who has received from the Society for the Encouragement of Musical Art a prize in token of their appreciation of its merits.

The grand musical festival at Baden is arranged to take place on the 26th of next month, and will be under the direction of Hector Berlioz; several of whose compositions will be performed on this occasion, including his Symphony "Harold in Italy," and movement from his "Requiem."

A new opera, in four acts, "Il Diavolo," or "Il Conte di S. Germano," the music of which is by Traversari, has lately been brought out at the Teatro Carcano, Milan. The work was favourably received on the first night of its performance, but its entire want of originality, partaking at one time of the style of Mercadante, at another of that of Verdi, was soon discovered; and on the second night the reception was far from enthusiastic.

M. Offenbach, with his troupe from the Bouffes Parisiens, brought his series of representations in Germany to an end on the 9th of the present month. The programme included "La Rose de Saint-Flour," "Le Pont des Soupirs" (second act only), and "La Chanson de Fortunio."

MISCELLANEA.

Our readers will be interested in the following communication, relative to the scenes of "the tale of Troy divine."—"Sir,—It may interest your readers to know that a recent discovery has dissipated any doubts that may have prevailed as to the site of the city of Troy. The particulars of this discovery are as follow:—An American gentleman, named Vanbenscoten, has for some time past been engaged in exploring the topography of Troy. Among those he consulted was an English gentleman, the Consul at Dardanelles, who is the proprietor of a farm on the plain of Troy. A portion of this farm is a swamp, and is let to a peasant, who obtains his livelihood by catching leeches in the ponds of the morass. On the rent being demanded of this peasant, he said he was unable to pay, owing to the leeches having been stolen. As this occurred at Christmas, the proprietor of the farm naturally inquired how it was that leeches would be stolen in the depth of winter, when the swamp must be frozen up. The peasant replied, that it was not frozen; on the contrary, that the water in the swamp was warm at all seasons of the year. This fact coming to the knowledge of Mr. Vanbenscoten, he immediately proceeded to the spot, and after wading about in the swamp, came upon a large spring of hot water. Carrying his researches still further, he found a spring of extremely cold water at a short distance; and he immediately called to mind that two such springs are recorded as having been in existence in the immediate vicinity of the walls of Troy. It was, indeed, to those springs that the Trojan dames proceeded to wash their linen; and Homer specially alludes to these springs in the 22nd book, verse 195 of the *Iliad*. Pope's translation, though inaccurate—for Homer says nothing of 'exhalations steaming to the skies'—is sufficiently to the purpose:—

"Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot, thro' scorching cliffs is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polished bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarmed by Greece)
Washed their fair garments in the days of peace."

The fact of these springs having been discovered will go far to establish the site of the Trojan city, and likewise furnishes a proof of the accuracy of Homer's topography. For a knowledge of the above discovery I am indebted to the kindness of Professor E. Masson, with whose family, now in Greece, Mr. Vanbenscoten enjoys the privilege of being on terms of intimacy. I should have been glad to make some further remarks on the subject, but I fear to trespass on your space. I am, Sir, &c., C. S."

The schooner-yacht 'Endeavour,' under the command of Captain W. Parker Snow, is at present moored in the Tyne, close to Newcastle. Captain Snow, as our readers are aware, entertains a strong conviction that some of the crews who set out with Sir John Franklin may still survive in the Arctic regions, and is himself preparing an expedition in search of them. At the meeting of the British Association in Oxford last year, he read a paper expounding his views on the subject, and it was re-

ceived with the utmost enthusiasm. Since then, however, many of those who were most enthusiastic have grown lukewarm; and, in spite of his active efforts to raise the money requisite for the expedition, he now lies pecuniarily becalmed at Newcastle. A meeting is to be held in that town some time next week, for the purpose of enlisting public sympathy and collecting as much money as may be a substantial expression of that sympathy. Unless the sum required—about a hundred and fifty pounds, we believe—be raised within a fortnight, the notion of the expedition, at least under its present form, will have to be abandoned.

We are glad to have to announce the appointment of Mr. T. Duffus Hardy to succeed the late Sir Francis Palgrave, as Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records. The post, which is tolerably lucrative, is in the gift of the Queen, who, as a matter of fact, generally adopts the recommendation of the Master of the Rolls, the official superior of the Deputy Keeper. There can be no doubt of the entire propriety of the appointment.

The project for the establishment of a National Book Union, on a principle similar to that of the Art Union, has met with an unlooked-for obstacle in the rejection of Mr. Layard's Book Unions Bill by the House of Lords. In consequence of this, the Committee are forced to modify their plans, but we understand there will be no great delay in furnishing the public with the detailed prospectus. We have already laid the general notion of the scheme before our readers (*Literary Gazette* for May 11, 1861, p. 154).

Private Joplin, of the 2nd or South Middlesex Volunteers, who won the Queen's prize last week at Wimbledon, we understand is an artist of some repute, and a member of the Water-Colour Society.

We are informed that Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Herbert B. Edwardes is engaged upon a biography of the late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., which will be published about the end of the year.

On Wednesday evening a conversazione of the Royal College of Physicians was held at the College in Pall Mall.

At the meeting of the ratepayers of the City of London, held on the 11th instant, in Guildhall, the motion for levying a Free Library Rate was rejected, amidst "vociferous cheering;" strength of lung, we presume, compensating for deficiency of brain. We deplore this decision, not so much as indicative of the state of things in the City, for with that we are tolerably familiar, but because the example of that opulent quarter will serve to encourage those in other metropolitan districts, who are so uniformly hostile to the levying of this trifling rate.

In the year 1782, a certain Baron de Monthyon, amongst numerous other good deeds, gave a sum of money to found an annual prize for the most remarkable book of the year. Ever since then this reward has been made once a year with more or less discrimination; and we learn that for 1861 the prize has been given to M. Xavier Marmier, for a work entitled *Gazida*. M. Xavier Marmier has been an author ever since 1838, when he published a work on *Iceland and Icelandic Literature*. His labours have almost ever since been in the same field; the most memorable of his works, perhaps, having been one entitled *Chants Populaires du Nord*, published in 1842. Monthyon, by the way, lived to the ripe age of eighty-seven, and died in 1820, after a life passed with singular beneficence in encouraging young and poor *littérateurs*, and fostering the literary excellence of his countrymen. It is computed that besides the sixty thousand francs he distributed in founding prizes, he left no less than three million francs for similar beneficent objects.

A discussion in which the Royal Dublin Society is concerned, and which will no doubt involve no small importance, will shortly take place owing to the estimate passed in the House of Commons, subject to the condition that the Botanical Gardens shall be opened on Sunday. These gardens were at first instituted for scientific purposes, and even to

this day are used as the means of promoting botanical science. The feeling of the Royal Dublin Society, whose property they are, whether prompted by conscience or expediency, we cannot say, is adverse to the proposition put forward by Parliament. Some short time since a deputation, composed of citizens, waited on his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant for the purpose of requesting him to forward their views in having the Gardens opened on Sunday to the public. From the beginning the Earl of Carlisle had given his approval to the movement; while, on the other hand, the Council of the Royal Dublin Society was opposed to the opinions entertained by the representative of Royalty in this country. The request of the citizens, which at first appeared to be a simple one, gradually assumed a religious aspect. We will not dwell on the opinions expressed in the Lords and Commons, as your readers are no doubt already familiar with the details. Suffice it to say, that after an interesting correspondence between Lord Granville, the Earl of Carlisle, and the Chief Justice of Appeal, President of the Royal Dublin Society, in which the Government has shown itself favourable to a satisfactory compromise, a meeting will shortly be convened to decide the issue. It now remains to be seen whether the Council of the Royal Dublin Society will yield their own opinions, and perhaps conscientious scruples, to the almost unanimous requirements of Parliament.

We notice the death of Mr. T. E. Plint, of Leeds, well known as a liberal patron of art. His last acquisition to his valuable collection of modern paintings consisted of Holman Hunt's celebrated "Christ in the Temple." Mr. Plint was the son of Thomas Plint, a well-known contributor to the *Westminster* and other reviews, and was only thirty-seven years of age at the time of his death.

Under the heading of Curiosities of Literature, Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, has just published a "Catalogue of a singularly interesting collection of

books and literary curiosities, comprising test books, bibliography, heraldry, volumes of humour and pleasantry, black letter books, works condemned to be burnt, or whose authors were imprisoned or whipped to death, interspersed with numerous literary anecdotes." Amongst the more noticeable works we observe are unpublished manuscript of Roger Bacon; an autograph manuscript of the poet Burns; Tyndall's New Testament, 1552, and a very curious book entitled *L'Art de Bien Discourir*, or the art of manufacturing sermons and essays to order, in any quantity and upon any subject.

Mr. Alfred Austin, the author of *The Season*, and *My Satire and its Censors*, announces another reply to his critics, entitled *A Note of Admiration*, addressed to the Editor of the *Saturday Review*, to be published to-day (Saturday).

We have great pleasure in giving insertion to the following letter, and shall be glad to forward any communications on the subject from our readers to the gentleman who is busying himself in this charitable work:—

"To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"July 11, 1861.

"Sir,—You will probably be kind enough to permit me, through your columns, to call the attention of those who can sympathize with the 'calamities of authors' to a case in which their assistance may be well and not unprofitably bestowed. The author of many published and favourably received works in various departments of literature, having been recently overtaken through the defalcations of a friend, by those reverses to which men of his class seem to be especially liable, is at present in a condition of very sore distress and perplexity, reduced to great straits, waiting for himself and family the common necessities of life, hunted down mercilessly for a few trifling debts, and unable, consequently, to complete a work nearly ready for publication. Should you allow these circumstances to become known through your paper, I am not, I trust, over-sanguine in believing that among the cultivated, wealthy, and benevolent, some few, at least, may come to the rescue.

"To all who may be so disposed, I shall be happy to give any further desired information.

"I am, Sir, yours, F. L. T.
"I enclose my card and address."

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With an Appendix

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE:—"To give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to scientific inquiry; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British empire with one another and with foreign philosophers; to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science and a removal of disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

Reception Room, The Portico, Manchester, July, 1861.

The Local Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, announce that the MEETING for this year will be held in Manchester, and will commence on Wednesday, the 4th of September next, under the presidency of William Fairbairn, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., etc.

On this occasion it is fully expected that there will be present many of the corresponding members of the Association, and a large number of British members, to all of whom the special inducements offered by the city of Manchester and its populous and industrious neighbourhood are well known. The time appointed for the Meeting has been arranged for the convenience of members of foreign as well as British universities, and as the facilities for arriving in Manchester are now very complete, there is every reason to anticipate a meeting of unusual extent and interest. Both the general and local officers will exert themselves to make the visit of their associates on this occasion agreeable and satisfactory.

The Local Committee are preparing, amongst other arrangements for the entertainment of the Association, besides special lectures on some interesting branches of science, and open soirees to be held in the Free Trade Hall, the following special exhibitions, viz.:

An exhibition illustrative of the history, progress and achievements of photographic art in its several branches, and photographic apparatus;

And a similar exhibition of telegraphic science and apparatus;

A very extensive exhibition of modern microscopes and microscopic objects;

And exhibitions of specially interesting zoological, botanical, and geological specimens, chemical products, philosophical apparatus, and mechanical models;

Excursions to neighbouring localities of scientific or general interest will be provided for; and

Arrangements made for extensive access to establishments in the neighbourhood, where visitors may have the opportunity of seeing various branches of local industry and practical science in operation.

The Local Secretaries will be glad to be informed as early as may be convenient, of the intention of any visitor to be present at the meeting, and on receiving the necessary (and timely) communication, will be happy to render such assistance as they can in arranging for visitors any lodging accommodation they may require.

The scientific business of the Meeting will be allotted in the under-mentioned Sections. The following gentlemen have undertaken to act as Secretaries of Local Sectional Committees until the commencement of the Meeting, and will be glad to receive communications relating to the business of their several Departments:—

SECTION A.—MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Professor R. B. Clifton, B.A., Owens College, Manchester.

Thomas Heelis, Esq., Princess-street, Manchester.

SECTION B.—CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

Professor H. E. Roscoe, B.A., Ph.D., Owens College, Manchester.

Robert Rumney, Esq., Ardwick, Manchester.

SECTION C.—GEOLOGY.

John Atkinson, Esq., F.G.S., Thelwall, near Warrington, Rev. George Perkins, M.A., Dickenson Road, Rusholme Manchester.

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

Thomas Alcock, Esq., M.D., Upper Brook-street, Manchester.

George Mosley, Esq., St. Peter's Square, Manchester.

SUB-SECTION D.—PHYSIOLOGY.

William Roberts, Esq., M.D., 186, Oxford-road, Manchester.

Thomas Windsor, Esq., M.R.C.S., Piccadilly, Manchester.

SECTION E.—GEOGRAPHY AND ETHNOLOGY.

Principal J. G. Greenwood, B.A., Owens College, Manchester.

SECTION F.—ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.

Professor R. C. Christie, M.A., Owens College, Manchester.

SECTION G.—MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

John Robinson, Esq., The Atlas Works, Great Bridge-water-street, Manchester.

Communications intended for presentation to the Sections are expected to be forwarded in letters, addressed either to the Assistant-General Secretary, at "The Portico," Manchester, or to one of the Secretaries of the Local Sectional Committees, *pro tem*; and to be accompanied by a statement whether the author will be present, and on what day, so that the business of the Sections may be satisfactorily arranged.

As the objects of the Association are specifically scientific papers on subjects not so characterized, as on questions of history, biography, literature or art, however interesting, are necessarily inadmissible.

Gentlemen desirous of attending the meeting may make their choice of being proposed as life members, paying £10 as a composition, or annual subscribers, paying an admission fee of £1, and (additional) £1 annually, or associates for the meeting, paying £1.

Ladies may become members on the same terms as gentlemen; and ladies' tickets (transferable to ladies only) may be obtained in the Reception Room, by members, on payment of £1.

Life members receive gratuitously the Reports of the Association which may be published after the date of payment.

Annual subscribers receive gratuitously the Report of the Association for the year of their subscription, and for every following year of subscription, without intermission. Associates for the meeting are entitled to the Report of the meeting, at two-thirds of the publication price.

In order to facilitate arrangements for the meeting, it is desirable that application for tickets should be made as early as possible.

Forms of proposal will be supplied in the Reception Room during the meeting; or the names of candidates for admission may be transmitted to the Local Secretaries.

As the funds which the Association has to expend for its scientific objects consist only of the payments made by its members and associates, it is particularly desirable that every opportunity should be taken of increasing their number.

Compositions and subscriptions of new members or associates will be received by the Local Secretaries until the commencement of the meeting; afterwards, as well as the subscriptions and arrears of former members, by the Local Treasurer.

New life members will receive the volume of Transactions for this and future years gratis, as will also annual subscribers during the continuance of their subscription.

For information respecting the local arrangements, application may be made by letter addressed to any of the Local Secretaries for the meeting, at The Portico, Manchester.

R. D. DARBISHIRE, 21, Brown-street, Manchester,

ALFRED NEILD, Mayfield, Manchester,

ARTHUR RANSOME, St. Peter's Square, Manchester,

H. E. ROSCOE, Owens College, Manchester,

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Total.....	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

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CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is ON SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.—34 inch ivory-handled table knives, with high shoulders, 12s. 6d. per dozen; deserts to match, 10s.; if to balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers, 4s. 3d. per pair; larger sizes, from 20s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine ivory, 32s.; if with silver ferrules, 30s. to 50s.; white bone table knives, 6s. per dozen; deserts, 5s.; carvers, 2s. 3d. per pair; black horn table knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; deserts, 6s.; carvers, 2s. 6d.; black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen; table steels, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to £25 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set, to £4 4s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-places.

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is the most certain REMEDY for RESTORING and STRENGTHENING the HAIR. By it whiskers and moustaches are produced and beautified. Ladies will find it especially valuable, as the most delicate headress or bonnet can be worn without fear of soiling. Sold in bottles, 8s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 22, Wellington Street, Strand.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED in a few minutes, without injury to the Skin.

Ten years' trial has proved the efficacy of ATKINS' PREPARATION for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least injury to the skin. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 5s. money order or stamps.

Copy of a Testimonial proving the efficacy of the above preparation.

"Eaton Square, London, June 20, 1860.
"Miss Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Atkins, and respectfully states and thanks him at the same time for the complete success she derived from using his preparation. It was the means of removing the disfigurement on the face, with which she had been previously troubled for many years."

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ATKINS' HEAD LOTION cleanses the Skin of the Head and improves the hair by one application. Price 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per bottle.

ATKINS' HAIR RESTORATIVE, a certain preparation for restoring and beautifying the Human Hair, producing Eyebrows, Whiskers, and Moustaches in a few weeks. Price 5s. per box.

Wholesale Agents—Barclay and Sons, London; Raines and Co., Edinburgh, and 40, Hanover Street, Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., Bridge Street, York. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hair Dressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors.

The above preparations are prepared by John Atkins, Perfumer, 1, Falcon Villa, Falcon Road, Battersea near London.

By Her Majesty's Letters Patent.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!—New Patent FIRE IGNITERS. Six for One Penny; lights the fire instantly, without the aid of wood or paper. By placing the point upwards and lighting the top with a match, a brilliant fire is immediately made. To hotel-keepers, institutions, and others, it is invaluable; boiling a kettle in ten minutes. Sole Agents: GEORGE BASHAM and Co., 8, Duke Street, London Bridge, S.E. Sold by all grocers, oilmen, ironmongers, etc.—Agents Wanted.

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Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for Indigestion. They act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation; safe under all circumstances; and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use.

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CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA CURED.

—Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in practice in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East Indian Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and there is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. It purifies all the fluids and secretions in the shortest reasonable period; it nourishes the patient who is too much reduced to partake of ordinary food; it strengthens, braces, and vitalizes the brain; it heals, as if by magic, all internal sores, tubercles, ulcers, and inflammations; it stimulates, but is not followed by a reaction; it at once obviates emaciation, building up waste flesh and muscle, as the rain vivifies and enhances the growth of the grass. It is without a rival as a tonic, and it immediately supplies electricity, or magnetic force (as if it were a battery) to every part of the enfeebled and prostrate body. The undersigned has never failed in making those who have tried it completely healthy and happy. Price 10s. per bottle. Those who have a particle of doubt as regards the above statement, or do not feel able to purchase the medicine, can have a recipe free containing full instructions for making and successfully using, and a history of the discovery, on receipt of a stamped envelope with their address sent to O. P. BROWN, No. 14, Cecil Street, Strand, London.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Press in all parts of the world has been very liberal in praise of Dr. H. James's Medicines, as well as of his fair and disinterested method of disposing of them—the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" particularly.

"HE RELIEVES YOUR SUFFERINGS DISINTERESTEDLY!—Who does? Old Dr. H. James. This famous old retired physician has suddenly reappeared before the world, as one of the greatest public benefactors of the age. He went to the East Indies, it will be remembered, many years ago, an almost heart-broken man, with his little daughter—an only child—who was given up to die of consumption, which she inherited from her mother. Becoming acquainted with the great power and wonderful invigorating and restorative qualities of preparations made from East Indian Hemp, he set to work and studied and experimented, until he made a medicine that restored his child to health and happiness. Since then, the Doctor made and gave this medicine to all consumptives with whom he came in contact; and it never failed to effect a speedy and permanent cure. He was a few months ago prevailed upon to make this marvellous and blessed remedy public."—*Atlas*.

"A MAN OF A THOUSAND."—In these days of selfishness it is refreshing to find one man whose acts are altogether disinterested. We allude to Dr. H. James. He worked hard until he made from Cannabis Indica, and other potent vegetable, a medicine that has cured everybody that has taken it, for either consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and especially for nervous prostration or nervous disorders of all kinds. Try it."—*Messenger*.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."—Let there be Light, said the Divine Architect, when he fashioned the earth from chaos, and there was light. If the 'regular faculty,' (as the old school physicians who take heathenish oaths, and adopt mystery in their practice, call themselves) were to follow the example of the famous retired physician, Old Dr. H. JAMES, and, having first enlightened themselves with regard to the causes and nature of diseases, would surround their medicines with LIGHT, mankind would be spared a great deal of terrible suffering, and the Bills of Mortality would be materially curtailed. Old Dr. H. JAMES makes no mystery with his wonderful medicine, the EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. He tells how, when, and where he discovered it; how it operates; what it is made of; and why it effects such radical changes for the better in the depressed and disorganized human system. His magical remedy galvanizes the shattered sinews into strength, and invigorates the brain. By healing all internal ulcerations, regulating the stomach and liver, purifying the blood and secretions, and acting as a substitute for food, it expels the worst maladies from the body, exhilarates the mind, and clothes the bones with sound and healthy flesh. It is the only cure for consumption and kindred diseases ever discovered. It is also a sovereign and speedy remedy for all ailments of the brain, stomach, liver, heart, and nerves."—*Liverpool Paper*.

"POOR FRAIL MORTALITY."—The Almighty never made a human being who could become entirely and decidedly hopeless; for 'while there is life there is hope,' and a hopeless being would be lifeless. Invalids should bear in mind, that so long as they exist, they are fit subjects for hope. To sustain this argument, we cite the history of that popular and famous East India discovery, Old Dr. H. JAMES'S EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. Into thousands of sick chambers, from which hope had been sedulously and wickedly excluded, has this wonderful panacea found its way; and from out those chambers have come, in a short time, resuscitated, reinvigorated, and rejuvenated beings. This medicine is a sure remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs, and other complaints of the respiratory organs; and it is an equally certain and speedy cure for all diseases of the nerves, stomach, liver, and brain. Our earnest advice to the sick is to get it, and give it a trial."—*Birmingham Paper*.